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KILLED IN A MEMPHIS COURT-ROOM.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

VOLUME LVI.—No. 662.
Price Ten Cents.



SHE MURDERED HER HUSBAND.

JAKE ACKERMAN, DESPERADO, KILLED IN A MEMPHIS, TENN., COURT-ROOM BY HIS WIFE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

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IT MAY BE LOADED.

Mock marriages are becoming quite prevalent through the country. Kittenish girls, who are prevailed upon or who are anxious to rub up against the nuptial ceremony without actually entering into the holy bonds of padlock, very often find that these alleged mock marriages sometimes partake of the seriousness of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun, and that the words spoken in jest are as binding as a real, *bona fide* marriage. The best way for lovey tovey fellows and girls to monkey with the nuptial knot is to go the whole hog or none, and to let everybody know all about the anticipated festivities. A mock marriage occurred in Philadelphia recently, and there still remains a question as to whether or not the ceremony is binding. Danger attends all such weddings, and they should be avoided.

NO ONE MOURNS FOR JAKE.

Mrs. Lizzie Ackerman, of Memphis, Tenn., recently created considerable excitement in a local court room by emptying the contents of her little popgun into the body of her husband, a well-known desperado and ex-convict. Jake Ackerman, the desperado, was wafted to the other shore, and Memphis will not go into mourning to any extraordinary degree, as Jake was not beloved of his fellow-citizens. His life had been an extremely turbulent one, and he was not a man whose company would be desirable at a tea-party or a family gathering. Lizzie's lines had not always been cast in pleasant places, either, but it is said that she was more sinned against than sinning. Lizzie is now in the hands of the law, and Jake has solved the great problem.

A BENEFIT TO MANKIND.

In our desire to benefit our readers, patrons and the public generally, we trust that we may be pardoned for once more calling their attention to the fact that our Supply and Purchasing Department is the most complete in the world. At a moment's notice we can supply to in or out-of-town citizens anything imaginable or desired. Not only sporting goods of all kinds but any article, substance or thing manufactured can be supplied by us at a cost far below that elsewhere obtainable. File your orders and give us a trial.

OUR BASEBALL DEPARTMENT.

Our silhouettes and paragraphs relating to baseball have created a furor among the lovers of the game, and their name is legion, and we are in constant receipt of congratulatory letters upon our unexcelled work in this line. We desire to state to the friends of baseball throughout the land that portraits of prominent tossers are always on hand and can be supplied upon application. We also desire to remark that portraits of expert amateur or professional players will be published if they are forwarded to us.

MASKS AND FACES

Varieties About Vokes—"The
Blue Officer"—Mrs. Stet-
son in Operette.

DASENT ON STAGE DRUNKS.

Comediennes on Cameras—Collisions in
Coulisses—Patti Versus Kendal
—Dunlop and Herrmann.

RENTZ SANTLEY IN TOWN.

The fact that there was a fistic collision between Wright Huntington and Arthur Forrest, during which I hear, Huntington punched Forrest's head, makes me wonder why there aren't more collisions between comedians than have of late been reported.

Causes for collisions are certainly not wanting.



And of all causes woman, lovely woman, is of course the most prominent.

From that remote period when Helen eloped with Paris, and left Menelaus to eat raisins by himself, even to our own civilized time, when Marie Halton sails abruptly for England, and Maud White is exiled from Harlem, it has ever been woman, lovely woman, who has filled the world and managerial offices with a delightful mixture of bother and beatitude.

Rosina Vokes is playing a successful engagement at Daly's.

Felix Morris, an artist of first rank, is seconding her efforts capably.

I can't say that I like Rosina's face as well as I do Victoria's, but I like her dancing and her versatility better.

I wonder why Rosina makes up her eyes so.

"They actually look like poached eggs," said Sneerwell, the other night.

I miss Morton Selten in the cast, and I guess the women do, too.

Leopold Jordan, the energetic and polite advance agent, late with "Zig Zag" and "Barry & Fay," tells me Morton Selten originally appeared as a singer in "Gibraltar," a comic opera produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

Strange how actors shift about, and actresses, too.

You'd hardly believe that Louis Harrison, who is now starring in the "Pearl of Pekin," and Harry Dixey, now with the "Seven Ages," about twelve years ago appeared as *Romulus* and *Remus* in Rice's "Hiawatha," fastened together by a pocket gymnasium. Marie Wainwright, now a star, was once a burlesquer.

And Mrs. John Stetson, once well known in the circus arena as Miss Stokes, the equestrienne, now appears at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in "The Gondoliers," amid the plaudits of the patrons of that popular play house.

The play "The Blue Officer," by Ary Edilaw, forbidden in Paris by the government, was produced at the Madison Square Theatre week before last.

The plot transpires in Russia, and runs through three acts.

An officer belonging to the secret service is placed by the playwright in the ticklish position of being called on to act as the judge over the woman he loves, when that woman is accused of a political crime.

More than that.

The woman's husband—for she has a husband—is also brought before the lover and judge for trial.

You can imagine the predicament.

Harry Lee played this ardent lover and unfortunate judge with many grimaces, and in the blue uniform worn by members of the secret police.

Selena Fetter was putty-like in the role of the woman loved by the gentleman in blue, and persecuted by the

lady in garnet. Clarence Handysides was effective as the husband of the woman loved by the gentleman in blue, but he shows his ivory as profusely as a negro minstrel.

Rose Eyttinge, the adventuress who creates all the trouble by putting compromising

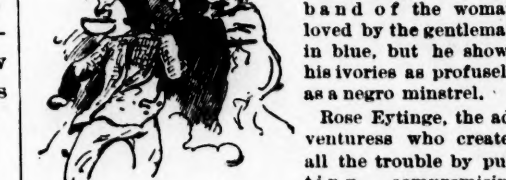
State papers into the drawer of Selena Fetter, made a great deal of old-fashioned noise and looked striking.

Genevieve Lytton, as this noisy lady's scorned and revengeful daughter, ran around in one gypsy-like garment all evening and made a variegated series of facial contortions, which the great Trewey might envy, but could not surpass.

Altogether "The Blue Officer" was not a success.

"I don't like it," said Pulldownyourvestovitch to

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTRESSES.—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.



Wipe off your chinski, as the two exotic swells came out after the second act to take a drink and a clove at a free lunch bar. "The sulphur of dynamite bombs, the opopanax of adventuresses, the samovar of a 5 o'clock tea, and the caviar of the beer rooms don't make a new or a pretty combination."

And Pulldownyourvestovitch was right.

The Rentz-Santleys were at Tony Pastor's last week. Maud Beverly, Booker and Leigh, Frank Lester, Lilly May Hall, Victoria North, Harry Le Clair, and Ward and Vokes seemed to catch on.

Over at Koster and Bial's business has been great. Dutch Daly, the Tissots, Wilton and Mora, and Conroy and Foy did their specialties.

George Murphy, with a new farce, "Turning the Tables," made a hit.

And Carmencita, of Seville, still twisted her spine, dancing nightly to the rapid delight of effete duds.

Kate Vaughan, original skirt dancer of London, has left the "legit," in which she floundered as *Lady Teazle* and other stage bric-a-brac, and will be a dancer again.

Bravo, Kitty!

As we're talking of London, that's a queer story that that vocal fossil, Sims Reeves, tells of Macready, the actor: "Strangely enough, Macready, passionate man though he was, did not consider himself sufficiently irascible by nature to depict anger on the stage, and therefore employed, as I have myself seen, two unfortunate supers, whose business it was to make faces at him, tread on his toes, kick him, and otherwise provoke him, until he was in a state of desperation bordering on the demonic. This would continue until the supers hit him hard, then he'd rush on the stage just about when he was due."

The swell photographers of New York, often pay actresses to sit for their pictures instead of the actresses paying them. Many of the actresses whose fair faces figure in the POLICE GAZETTE collection, have their maids take two or three costumes with them when they sit before the artist's camera. Actresses in vogue vary every year. Now one set is up, now another.

For years, Maud Branscombe was the most photographed actress in Great Britain, Ireland and America.

Lillian Russell, easily, is the most popular now. Isabella Irving, Mary Anderson, Marie Jansen, Marie Wainwright, Isabella Urquhart, Sadie Martinot, Grace Filkins, Effie Shannon, Minnie Palmer, are easily next in photographic popularity among the actresses of America.

Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, Dorothy Dene, Mrs. Langtry head the contingent of England.

Bernhardt and Hading represent France. Patti is the most popular of the prime donne.

By the way, Patti, who sang "Home, Sweet Home," to us last week, doesn't like to sit to the photographer, and doesn't like to write her autograph for the autograph fiends. Patti writes a small sloping, hurried hand "Adelina Patti Nicolini," and writes generally with purple ink.

One thing which I like Patti for besides her warbles, her runs, her quavers and her floridities, and that's the pluck with which she sat on Mrs. Kendal recently for giving advice to the women of America on dress and politeness.

Mrs. Kendal is an excellent parlor actress, graceful in the holding of tea cups and careful in the enunciation of words, but when it comes to lecturing our women on dress, I think she's undertaking a task as difficult to unite as the laws of hygiene and the wearing of low cut bodices.

Besides, Mrs. Kendal, when interviewed, talks too much about broth, babies, hubby, and not enough of art, the stage and the experiences of an actress.

As Dr. Johnson used to say: "Let's have no cant!" or words to that effect.

Florence St. John may be a great favorite with the sound of Bow Bells and on the Strand, but she never captured New York. I admire her, however, for her outspoken adverse opinion of us, our dishes, waiters, institutions and climate. St. John has the courage of her convictions, and that's a good thing to have.

Augustus Dunlop, of Stage News, has just sold Herrmann a sketch called "Avatar," in which the famous magician has an opportunity to show whether he can act as well as do tricks.

Herrmann is represented as an old physician in the skit, and treats a young man who, as Macaulay said of Byron, hates his neighbor and loves his neighbor's wife.

You can see what possibilities the skit possesses if skillfully handled.

I met Bury Dasent, advance agent of "Shenandoah," Clarence Fleming, representative of Vokes, and Jim Wilson, the actor, the other night.

"Actors on drunks?" said Dasent. "I don't know about actors on drunks, but if you ask me what actors I think can best impersonate the hic-in-hic-inebriated condition on the stage, I might mention Jos Jefferson, Billy Florence, Nat Goodwin, Old Sothorn in 'David

Garrick,' W. J. Lemoine in 'Sweet Lavender,' De Wolf Hopper in 'The Bat,' Ed. Harrigan in 'Old Lavender,' and Coquelin in the 'Aventuriere' by

Augier. Most actors on the stage get drunk too quickly, I think. They don't show the evolution, the easy stages by which men get drunk. And since we've been talking of drinks, old man, let's have one, eh? Come on Wilson, come on Fleming, join us."

Mary Shaw, I hear, has made a hit in Blumenthal's "Drop of Poison," in Chicago, a few weeks ago.

I doubt whether the hit was as immense as the friendly cable intimates.

The play, as I saw Niemann Raabe play it at the Star a couple of years ago, lacked action.

Mary Shaw is a clever woman and an interesting talker, and I hope she'll have success, but I am skeptical about Blumenthal for audiences in this country.

Steele Mackaye and Wilton Lackaye, author and actor of "Money Mad," are not the best of friends.

"Sir," said Mackaye in Lackaye's hearing, not long ago, "it was my magnetism, sir, that made Mr. Hill accept that play. Magnetism, sir!"

"You mean hypnotism, I think," answered Lackaye. "For you certainly put people to sleep."

I learn that George Belmont, a favorite with Americans, has made quite a popular amusement resort of his play house on Hackney Road, London.

Some of the best variety talent of Great Britain and Ireland can now be found there.

His recent bills have been very entertaining.

There is Jennie Venoi, "a lovesome little loveling exhibiting femininity of rare shapeliness, and who has beauty and brains, in addition to a songster's throat."

There's Ware's whirligigs, "warranted worthy and wholesome."

Pat Rafferty will sing you "We Drew His Club Money This Morning" and other songs.

Amy Lester, described as a "cheerful creature, clothed in charming costumes" choicely chirruped cleanly contributions and capers captivantly.

Carlotta Davis jumps the rope just before George and Ruby Lee come on in "The Spendthrift" of Alf. George and entertain you with a roaring sketch.

So you see there's plenty you get at Belmont's for your money.

Meanwhile our own actors, actresses, advance agents, and managers can be seen coming into this big town of ours and thronging the leading public thoroughfares and crowding the agents' waiting rooms.

I see on the street and in hotel corridors Harry Crandall, Tote Ducrow, George June, Lew Sanford, Sam Cox, Ted Marks, Burt Riddle, Ben Stern, James Jay Brady, Harry Vaughan.

I heard one of Barrymore's repartees the other night. "Fine orchestra you have at the Madison Square," said a friend to him, commenting on the band, which at that house, as you may not know, is hidden from the audience.

"Yes," answered Barry, promptly, "fine orchestra—out of sight."

Everybody on the face of the theatrical earth knows Harry Kennedy, the dapper ventriloquist, who has just opened "Harry Kennedy's Theatre," on Eighth street, opposite Cooper Institute. On Saturday last Harry was sitting in the cafe adjoining the theatre, when a gentleman entered, called for a beverage, obtained it and a Frankfurter sausage on a fork, which is one of the perquisites attending the possession of a drink in this establishment. The gentleman raised the Frankfurter to his mouth, while a trickle of liquid expectancy meandered over his chin.

Suddenly the Frankfurter began to bark. The gentleman's hat began to rise. Then the Frankfurter had a fight with itself, growled, snarled and yelped. The last seen of the gentleman he was cantering toward Broadway, imagining that he had struck a jim-jam factory.

Harry had been working off his ventriloquial powers for the benefit of his friends.

LEW ROSEN.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND'S PISTOL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

G. F. Smith, a gardener on Mr. W. B. Williams' place at South Nyack, N. Y., recently attempted to murder his wife and Henry Chappell, and then killed himself. Chappell, who is a slater, has been doing some work on their house, and was sitting down to dinner with Mrs. Smith, when her husband entered, drunk. Some words passed between Smith and his wife and he left the room. A few minutes later the husband returned with a pistol, and pointing it at his wife fired. Missing her he turned and fired at Chappell, the bullet entering his thigh. Smith then went to another room and fired a bullet into his own body, killing himself instantly.

A LITTLE CHURCH PICNIC.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A disgraceful row occurred recently in the First Evangelical Church, at Naperville, Ill., the result of a faction fight among the congregation. One faction was known as the Escher party, and the other the anti-Eschers. The Rev. Mr. Fry, of the anti-Escher faction, in company with the Superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. Long, attempted to enter the church a few days ago, when they were roughly handled by Mr. Brown and a number of the opposing side. The Escherites stole a march on their enemies and held services by entering the church by way of the back door. The case will be settled in court.

WHAT MRS. THORPE ALLEGES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The town of Fernandina, Fla., is very much startled over the sensational statement made by Mrs. Thorpe. Her story is that while riding in a buggy with G. R. Hubby, a City Councilman and local agent for the Mallory steamship line, he drew a pistol, and under threats of death compelled her to marry him. The marriage services were performed by the Rev. Mr. Cross at Hubby's residence. Mrs. Thorpe is a daughter of Col. E. R. Brink, formerly of Wilmington, N. C. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Hubby.

A MIRTHFUL COMEDIAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Otis Harlan, the genial comedian whose portrait we reproduce this week, was born Dec. 29, 1865, in Zanesville, O., made his debut at Providence, R. I., Aug. 29, 1887, with Hoyt's "Hole in the Ground" company, and was the original Mr. Barnes of New York in the "Razzle Dazzle Group" of the "Brass Monkey" with Billy Mack and Tim Murphy. Mr. Harlan now plays an important part with Hoyt's "Texas Steer," and has a radiant and rosy-colored future.

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FRETFUL FEMALES.

They Are Not Satisfied
With Their Lots,

AND THEY MAKE TROUBLE.

A Woman Skips From Hub
And Nineteen Kids.

HE FLOGGED HIS WIFE.

A Sad Death in an Upper New
York Town.

OTHER TALES OF WOE.

The fretful females of the country have been at it again. One got flogged by her frisky husband because she "didn't do nothing;" another left her husband to take care of nineteen children; another grabbed a millionaire wooer; another was naughty and died, and still another was naughty and lived.

Read the stories of the week's trials, tribulations, turmoils and tantrums:

HE FLOGGED HIS WIFE.

Louis Busch, a New Haven, Conn., bookkeeper, doesn't appear to be much in love with his wife, and, as a consequence, his neighbors are not greatly in love with him. Busch and his wife don't agree to any alarming extent, and they frequently quarrel. The other day, when Mrs. Busch was out shopping, Busch took it into his head that it would be a good idea to follow her and have some fun with her.

Arming himself with a stout whip, the frisky bookkeeper overtook his helpmeet on the street and proceeded to lambast her in a most unorthodox manner. The woman shouted for assistance, and Busch made himself scarce just in the nick of time to prevent the fast accumulating crowd from treating him to a dose of his own medicine. His reprieve was, however,



HE HORSEWHIPPED HIS WIFE.

only of short duration, for later he was arrested and juggled.

No cause is given for the unseemly conduct on the part of the lively Busch, and Sterned Justice will be called upon to wield the whip over him.

A WILKESBARRE, PA., MILLIONAIRE'S CHOICE.

Almost everybody has heard of the famous Pennsylvania family of Shoemakers. It is a somewhat plebeian name, and is suggestive of wax-ends and lasts and such, but there's no wax-ends on the Shoemaker family of Pennsylvania. One of the most popular members of the family is about thirty years of age, fine looking and well dressed. His income is about \$20,000 a year, and he was the most catchable young man in Wilkesbarre.

Six months ago it was given out that he was about to wed a daughter of a rich and aristocratic citizen residing on River street. His family viewed the match favorably.

All at once young Shoemaker said he would not marry a girl who was reared in the lap of luxury. He had a terrible dread that he would one day become poor, and then his wife would be no help to him. He proposed to marry a poor girl, who, in the hour of adversity, could assist him in earning his daily bread. Annie Lannon, or English Annie, was the girl he proposed to marry. She was formerly employed as a housekeeper.

When Shoemaker's relatives heard of his intentions they became highly indignant. The court was petitioned to appoint a commission to examine into the young man's sanity, and the request was granted. The action of the relatives made Shoemaker more determined than ever to marry the girl of his choice. One day last week he and Miss Lannon took a train for Elmira, where they were quietly married.

Shoemaker returned with his bride. His purpose was to install the latter in his mother's home on Union street. Shoemaker's uncle, John Harrower, was in waiting. As soon as the bridal couple put in an ap-

pearance Harrower took the baggage, fired it into the street, and when Shoemaker attempted to enter the house the uncle knocked him down, blackened his eyes, and kicked him into the gutter. Shoemaker at once went before Mayor Sutton and had his uncle arrested. There is great excitement over the affair. Uncle Harrower says that Mr. Shoemaker can degrade himself, but not the Shoemaker family.



SHOEMAKER'S UNCLE KICKED.

The wife will not be admitted to the family circle under any circumstance.

A NINETEEN-BARRELED WYOMING DADDY.

When the latest returns arrived from Newcastle, Wyo., Francis Smith, of that town, was still awaiting the return of Mrs. Francis Smith. He does not care so much for the return of the man who is said to have meandered with the fair Ellen, Mrs. Smith's previous name, for Mr. Smith fears that if they should meet somebody would be slammed all over the earth.

When Mrs. Smith left home she forgot something, and that omission is what makes Mr. Smith so tired. Mr. Smith, like all gentlemen of his name, is a directory-crowder, and the "something" above referred to

gave up the chase and went home to applaud the children with a pancake turner.

Smith thinks of striking the State for an appropriation to start a half-orphan asylum, and if he succeeds he'll apply for the position of warden, and then take a vacation and a gun and try to hunt up the woman who helped him start the institution.

A WRONGED POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., GIRL.

Poughkeepsie and Highland, N. Y., people, are greatly excited over the death of pretty Cora Booth in the latter place. It was not until after the body had been buried that it was rumored that Cora had been a victim of malpractice. Coroner Ryan, of Marlborough, was notified, and he gave orders that it be disinterred.



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A DADDY?

is his family, which consists of nineteen blooming and budding young Smiths.

Mrs. Ellen is but forty-eight years of age, but during her domestic experience she has spent most of her time in making bibs and washing out napkins for anticipated or assured Smiths, and it was a North Pole sort of a day when she didn't wake Smith up and break the news gently to him that he could make a new notch in his little hatchet. Most of Smith's nights were consumed in finding tacks with his bare-headed heels as he did the shirt-tail parade in his nightie and gave the new baby kerosene oil instead of paregoric, or got it upside down and spanked its decollete head instead of venting his wrath on baby's surbase. Sometimes it was twins, and on one occasion three of a kind

This was done, and Drs. Lamore, of Highland, and Tutthill, of Poughkeepsie, made an examination. They found evidence enough to show that a criminal operation had been performed, and so stated before the coroner's inquest. The jury rendered a verdict that death was caused by abortion. When the inquest adjourned the coroner issued a warrant for the arrest of the mother of the girl, whose residence is at 4 Laurel street, Poughkeepsie. Mrs. Booth was arrested and taken to police headquarters, where she made a statement which caused other arrests. She said that Cora came to the house of another daughter on April 15, at 2 South Clover street, and on April 16, in company with her mother, she went to the house of Mrs. Abby Cable Townsend, where the mother told Mrs. Town-



WHAT LED TO CORA BOOTH'S DEATH?

was shoved into his hand when he wasn't looking. Mr. Smith was happy, however, and was congratulating himself that with a little practice he might some day draw Royal flush, when he woke up one fine morning to ascertain that his baby mine had fled.

Smith waxed wroth and kicked. He didn't care so

send to ascertain if there was anything the matter with her daughter. Mrs. Townsend and Cora then went into a room together and remained there alone for fifteen minutes, and when they came out Cora handed Mrs. Townsend three or four dollars, and then mother and daughter went home. The daughter died four days afterward. Cora told her mother that her father had given her the money to help get her out of her trouble.

JUST PUBLISHED. NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF CARMENCITA, the great Spanish ballet dancer. Price 10 cents. Address POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.

After the above statement was made, Recorder Morschauser issued warrants for the arrest of Solomon Booth, Cora's father, and Mrs. Townsend, and both were arrested and taken to police headquarters. There the father broke down, and the authorities, believing that he had no hand in the matter, released him on nominal bail. Mrs. Townsend stoutly proclaimed her innocence. She was held in the sum of \$500 for a hearing.

A NAUGHTY LITTLE JUNO.

Miss Annie Juno, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Alderman Robert M. F. Juno, of the First ward, Schenectady, N. Y., quite prominent in society, and Dr. A. G. Wicks, a young surgeon, eloped recently. The affair is remarkable from the fact that Alderman Juno had offered no objection to accepting Dr. Wicks as a son-in-law, and there is nothing to explain the elopement except the romantic tendencies of the couple. Alderman Juno is proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel, one of the principal hostleries of the town. Dr. Wicks, who is young and handsome, occupied apartments at the hotel. Alderman Juno's daughter is a beautiful young girl. She is a graduate of St. Agnes' School, of Albany, the most prominent Episcopal school in the State. For some time past Miss Juno had been betrothed to Charles Harrison, a young son of Henry Harrison, a liveryman of Ballston Spa. Since the ad-



SHE PROMISED NOT TO ELOPE.

vent of Dr. Wicks at the Merchants' Hotel, Miss Juno has hearkened unto his tales of love.

Alderman Juno learned the state of affairs about a week ago. He summoned young Harrison from Ballston. An interview between the betrothed couple resulted in Miss Annie's assertion that she would remain true to her plighted love, and would never see the doctor more. Dr. Wicks immediately quit the Merchants' Hotel and went to the Carley House to live.

Dr. Wicks and Miss Juno continued to meet clandestinely and arranged all the details for their elopement. Alderman Juno learned of these preparations and he had an interview with his daughter and the Doctor. Alderman Juno briefly informed the couple that there was no occasion for them to elope. If they were bent on marrying he would give his consent, and the ceremony could be performed at home and without scandal. Both denied any intention of eloping and Miss Annie repeated her former assertions of her intention to marry young Harrison. The father believed these statements. The next morning Miss Annie was missing. So was all of her clothing, and so was Dr. Wicks.

But boys will be boys, and girls will be girls. Aldermen will be Aldermen, and Doctors will get there with both feet.

TOMMY RATS.

A HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., SHERIFF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Robert Davis, the present sheriff of Hudson County, N. J., was born in Dublin in 1848. When but three months old he, with his parents, came to Jersey City, where he has resided ever since. Mr. Davis is a self-made man. At the early age of ten, he drove a hoisting horse on the docks of Jersey City. Though he is a remarkably clever man, his education was obtained at night school after a hard day's work. In 1863 he entered the employ of Sam'l Herrington, and served his time as a plumber and gas fitter. In 1867 he was made inspector for the Jersey City Gas Light Co. He continued at this until 1883, when he was made collector for the said company and remained as such until elected sheriff in 1887. In 1882 he was nominated for alderman, and elected with a handsome majority. While alderman he obtained the sobriquet which he still retains of "Honest Bob Davis." In this position he was the uncompromising foe of all labor grinding monopolies. So great is the popularity of "Bob" Davis, and as a criterion of the esteem in which the people of Jersey hold him, that in 1887 while confined to his bed, hovering between life and death, he was nominated for sheriff and elected.

Mr. Davis is a sterling, fearless and unwavering Democrat, as true as steel and faithful to his friends, careful of his promises, a man whose word is equivalent to a bond, and who would sacrifice his worldly possessions if need be to keep it good.

A FATAL PLEASURE PARTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently, while a party of young people were returning from Lafayette, O., to Lima in a light wagon, their horses became frightened and dashed into a stone wall, both being killed. The occupants of the wagon were thrown out against the stone abutment of the bridge. Misses Minnie and Gertrude Pierce were instantly killed, and Ella Hawkins and Cliff Church fatally injured.

SAW SNAKES IN A BOOT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank Evans, a thirteen-year-old boy of Norwood Park, Ill., recently played a joke on the wife of Solomon H. Hurbans by placing a live snake with a string around its neck in her husband's boots. Mr. Hurbans had previously monkeyed with the boots and received a severe shock at the sight of the snakelet. Then he threw it out. Frank was sent to the County Jail for thirty days.

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HUDSON COUNTY. N. J.'S, SHERIFF.
ROBERT DAVIS, A SELF MADE MAN OF JERSEY CITY, WHOM HIS FRIENDS AND
NEIGHBORS STICK TO AND SWEAR BY.



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.
ONE OF THE PRETTY, JOYOUS, PERT AND ENTERTAINING ACTRESSES OF THE FAR-
FAMED LONDON GAIETY COMPANY.



EMOTIONAL RAMIE AUSTEN.
ONE OF THE MAINSTAYS OF THE DAVIDSON-AUSTEN COMPANY, NOW STARRING
THE COUNTRY IN "GUILTY WITHOUT CRIME."



A MIRTHFUL COMEDIAN.
OTIS HARLAN, OF ZANESVILLE, O., WHO IS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST ARTISTS ON THE
MIMIC STAGE OF THE DAY.



SAW SNAKES IN A BOOT.

A VERY WICKED LITTLE NORWOOD PARK, ILL., BOY STARTS A JIMJAM FACTORY FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FELLOW CITIZENS.



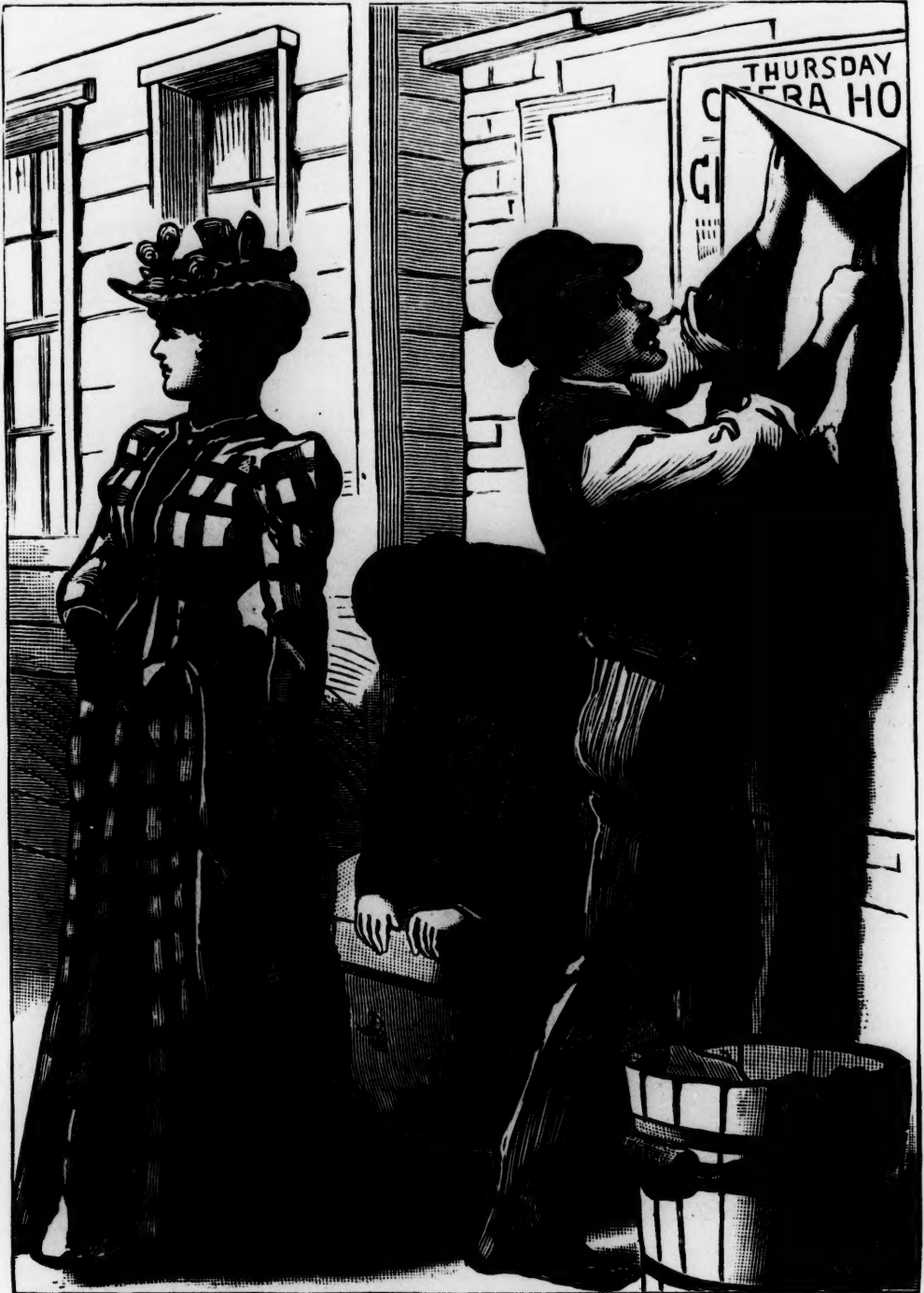
QUICK BEHIND THE BAT

A. L. BUSHONG, ONE OF THE OLD CATCHERS OF THE BROOKLYNS (N. L.).



HE SLINGS IN HOT ONES.

HANK O'DAY, A SWIFT BATTERYITE OF THE PLAYERS LEAGUE, OF THIS CITY.



COULDN'T FOOL GEORGIE.

MISS HAMLIN DEFENDS HER SHOWBILLS IN MACON, MO., BY MEANS OF A COW-HIDE AND A STRONG NERVE AND ARM.



WHAT MRS. THORPE ALLEGES.

A FERNANDINA, FLA., WIDOW SAYS THAT WHILE RIDING WITH G. R. HUBBY, HE COMPELLED HER TO ACCEPT HIM AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL.



AN ALERT CANVAS-BAGGER.

ARTHUR WHITNEY OF THE NEW YORKS (P. L.), WHO NEVER LETS A GOOD THING PASS.



A BROOKLYN NATIONAL LEAGUITE.

DAVE FOUTZ, WHO ATTENDS TO THE FIRST BAG ON THE WASHINGTON PARK GROUNDS.



THEY TRICKED JOHN THOMAS.

TWO YOUNG MEN, OF RICHMOND, VA., PLAY A JOKE ON A COLORED MAN AND HE PLAYS A FATAL JOKE IN RETURN.

A ROMANTIC DEATH.

Mattie Bacon, of Niles, Mich., Commits Suicide.

FOUND IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

A Chicago Mystery Partially Solved.

WHY DID SHE DO IT?

Here is a story romantic in the extreme. It is the tale of a pretty Niles, Mich., maiden, who went to the big city of Chicago to earn fame and fortune, perhaps, but certainly to better her condition. Her body has been returned to her erstwhile quiet country home, where she had always been respected and honored.

The girl was Marion Bacon. Miss Bacon was a handsome brunette, the daughter of Col. David Bacon, a prominent lawyer, and one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Niles, Mich. She was but twenty-three years old, a great favorite at her pleasant home, and popular in the little circle of acquaintances she had formed in Chicago. Her manners were polished; she was cultured and refined and a charming conversationalist. Six weeks ago she went to Chicago to hear Patti and Booth and Modjeska. She intended to remain but a fortnight, and went to board with Mrs. McCreary, at 1,239 Michigan avenue. While there she



MARION IS TIRED OF LIFE.

resolved upon taking a brief course in elocutionary instruction at the Chicago Conservatory and did so.

Just five weeks ago, on the night the great Louisville storm was raging, she left her boarding house, after having attempted suicide by means of chloroform. As she ran across the Illinois Central tracks a watchman endeavored to stop her, but failed, and running out upon the pier, over which the gale was driving the waves, she threw herself into the lake. Her disappearance was at once noted, and it was remembered that she had been somewhat downhearted for a week, but no one ever had dreamed of her committing suicide. Col. Bacon, her father, came to Chicago the day following, but no trace of her could be found. Although the lake was dragged, Col. Bacon returned to his home, leaving instructions at the Central Police Station that if the body were found to notify Nathaniel Bacon, his nephew, and Mr. Murison.

"Marion Bacon" is the name engraved on the silver plate of the handsome casket in which lie the remains of the young woman found in the lake at the foot of Twelfth street, Chicago, one morning recently. When Mattie Bacon, as her intimate friends addressed her, disappeared a month or so ago from her boarding place at 1,239 Michigan avenue, and all efforts to find her proved futile, it was supposed that she had committed suicide. When the well-dressed body of a once handsome young woman was found it was surmised immediately to be she, and when Mrs. McCreary, the missing girl's landlady; Nathaniel Bacon, her cousin who is an attorney in the Tacoma Building, and her father's life-long friend, James Murison, the secretary of the American Fire Safe Car Company in the Rookery all called at Klaner's morgue and identified the plain gold and the garnet-set rings upon the little hands, the fawn-colored dress with a black lace overgown, and



DRAWING THE LAKE.

the plush cloak which Mattie Bacon wore when she went away, the mystery of her fate, at least, was cleared up.

Joseph Safarek, a Polish fisherman, was the first to see the body. He, with two companions, was fishing off the government pier, when his attention was attracted by a floating object rising and falling upon

the restless water. Not until the strong winds and high waves had driven the body landward some distance could the fisher boys distinguish its appearance, but when they ascertained that it was a human body they landed and ran across to Michigan avenue and notified Officer Duffy. He summoned an Armory patrol wagon, which soon arrived with a squad of police, who grappled the body with hooks and soon raised it to the pier. Then it was conveyed in the patrol wagon to Klaner's undertaking establishment at 142 Monroe street, to await identification. The superstitious fishermen would not touch the



THE BODY RECOVERED.

body, declaring their luck would be ruined were they to do such a thing. To the undertaking establishment her friends were summoned, and soon she was identified.

The features were distorted, the body swollen and bruised by the waves that had washed over her so long, but the rings upon her graceful fingers, her plush cloak, the black satin lace that skirted her light-colored gown, the light fichu she had thrown over her head the stormy night she threw herself into the water, falling about her neck and upon her uncovered bosom, and more than all, the gold setting that gleamed from one of her teeth between her parted lips, all told that Mattie Bacon had at last been found. So Mr. Murison and Mr. Bacon, the latter pale and greatly distressed, positively identified her, and a formal inquest held by a coroner finished all there was to do before taking her to her home and to her grave.

A telegram from Niles says that the remains of Miss Bacon arrived there. A large crowd of citizens awaited their coming at the depot, and much gloom prevailed. The body was afterward interred in the family plot.

When the discovery was made Messrs. Murison and Bacon were notified, and quickly identified the remains as those of the unfortunate girl. The body was prepared for burial, inclosed in a handsome casket. Mr. Bacon accompanied the remains, the dead girl's father having been telegraphed not to come.

Many ladies who knew "Mattie," or Marion Bacon,



HER BODY IN THE MORGUE.

as her name is engraved on her casket, bought handsome flowers for her coffin and executed other happy little thoughts in token of their sympathy.

Her friends can assign no adequate reason for her suicide, unless it be sorrow for her mother, who died a year ago. The story that her ambition was the stage, and that discouragement and disappointment in her elocutionary studies had led her to take her own life can scarcely have any foundation in fact. She only took up elocution, they say, as a pastime, and did not care enough for it to have been discouraged when little failures and disappointments came. Then, say her friends and relatives, there was no necessity for her to study, as she had all at home she could desire. They had never considered her "stage-struck," her only liking for the stage being that possessed by every lover of the histrionic art.

Thus terminates the life of a prepossessing maiden. The question remains: "What drove her to her death?"

FAMOUS BALL TOSSERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

In our baseball gallery this week will be found the portraits of Arthur Whitney and Henry "Hank" O'Day, of the New Yorks (P. L.), and of A. L. Bushong and "Dave" Foutz, of the Brooklyn (N. L.). From week to week we will present likenesses of diamond favorites, and copies of them and of those of other famous people can always be obtained of us upon application.

COULDN'T FOOL GEORGIE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. Lawrence, an advance agent for Swift's Minstrels, arrived in Macon, Mo., recently, and proceeded to cover up with his own posters the display bills of Miss Georgie Hamlin and her troupe. When Miss Hamlin learned this she armed herself with a cowhide, and with her billposters began to cover the rival show's

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bills behind pure white paper. Mr. Lawrence appeared on the scene, and the result was that he received a cowhide for his pains, and pains for his cowhiding.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Eliza E. Poole, of Chelsea, Mass., was recently granted the license of a full-fledged pilot by the United States Inspectors of Steam Vessels. In her application Mrs. Poole states that she has had two years' experience on the steam yacht Nelly. She will command the steam yacht Isis during the coming season. The lady pilot is twenty-eight years of age, of light complexion, and is about five feet in height. Right on top of this comes the announcement that Mrs. Poole is not the pioneer female pilot of the country. Mrs. Callie L. French astonished the Steamboat Inspector at Pittsburg, Pa., recently by applying for and receiving a license to pilot vessels on the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. She already had a license to pilot on the Lower Mississippi, and she told the inspector that there were three other women acting as pilots on the Mississippi. This looks as if our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts were about to crowd us out of our alleged legitimate professions.

SWIPED A LOADED STOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Crittington, a gentleman of color of East Baltimore, Md., certainly deserves the belt as champion thief. A few days ago Mr. Langrall was sitting in his office at Langrall's wharf where the oyster boat Past Grand was moored when he noticed Crittington climbing out of the oyster barge with a stove, in which a fire was briskly burning. The thief also had the stove-pipe under his arm. A policeman was called, and after a sharp chase he finally captured the "coon" with the stove.

HE HAD A QUICK EAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. H. Baldwin, an agent of the Santa Fe Railroad at Denver, Col., recently absconded with \$1,000 of the company's money. The officials at Lovell, Kan., heard of it, and telegraphed to Denver to arrest Baldwin, who, just as the message was being received, entered the office and heard the order for his arrest being ticked over the wires. He jumped over the railing surrounding the operator's desk and disappeared. Detectives are on his track.

AN UMPIRE GETS TIRED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The trainers and jockeys at the Clifton race track recently played a game of baseball at North Passaic, N. J. At the finish of the game the decision of the umpire, a well-known character around the track, familiarly known as "Ham Sandwich," was disputed by Edward Wilson, the catcher. During the dispute Wilson was stabbed four times near the head by the umpire, who escaped to the woods, and has not since been seen.

THEY TRIKED JOHN THOMAS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Thomas and a friend of Richmond, Va., a few days ago, stopped a negro on the street and asked him to draw the cork from a bottle of whiskey which the two had, offering him a nickel for so doing. The colored man acquiesced and demanded his pay, whereupon Thomas began to curse him. The negro slashed him across the abdomen with the knife he had used with which to extract the cork, inflicting fatal injuries. The murderer then escaped.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we reproduce a portrait of Miss Florence St. John, the famous English beauty and actress, now in this country with the London Gaiety Company. Miss St. John is the young lady who created such a commotion among the dudes and Johnnies, but with whom she refused to have anything to do. She is pretty and entertaining.

A NEW ORLEANS CHIEF'S GREETING.

A very encouraging letter comes from Chief Thomas N. Boylan, of Boylan's Detective Agency, New Orleans. Chief Boylan writes that the photograph of himself recently published in these columns is the best work of the kind he has ever seen, and that his friends join him in congratulating us upon our good work. Many thanks, Chief.

THEY STRUCK IT RICH.

Three Men Each Draw \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery.

Fortune continues to smile upon Philadelphians. Several residents of this city have been fortunate enough to draw large prizes in The Louisiana State Lottery, but the present month breaks the record, as three comparatively poor men were suddenly made rich by a small investment, each holding one-twentieth of ticket No. 8,132, which drew the capital prize of \$300,000.

The lucky men are W. Condingley, of 2,952 Fairhill street; J. S. Aman, 2,912 Thompson street, and Joseph Goodman, a salesman in the employ of the well-known clothing house of N. Snellenberg & Co., at Fifth and South streets.

An item reporter visited these gentlemen this morning. Mr. Condingley was the first called upon and said: "Yes, I was very fortunate, and I feel very much elated over my good luck."

"My brother and myself invested in one ticket, and we will divide equally. We expect to invest our money in real estate."

Mr. Aman, who is employed by the Keystone Watch Case Company, at Nineteenth and Brown streets, stated: "My mother and I invested in one ticket, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I received the list and noticed that my number won \$15,000."

"I do not know, as yet, how I will invest my money, but you can rest assured I shall make good use of it." Mr. Goodman was seen at his place of employment. "I had the one-twentieth of ticket numbered 8132," he said, "which drew the capital prize, and I received my money on last Saturday. There were two other gentlemen interested with me in the ticket; both of them are salesmen in the store. We divided up, and each received \$5,000. We have deposited our money in bank, and will invest it where we see a good opportunity."—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, March 24.

BILLY MYER--ANDY BOWEN.

The Coming Contest Between the Two Popular Light-Weights.

ILLINOIS VERSUS LOUISIANA.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

The fist encounter between Billy Myer, of Streator, Ill., who is a candidate for the light-weight championship, and is desirous of obtaining the new "Police Gazette" international championship belt, and Andy Bowen of New Orleans, the light-weight champion of Louisiana, will soon be decided. The battle will be fought at the West End Athletic Club, at West End, La., famous as the training quarters of Paddy Ryan, when he was matched to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world.

Myer and Bowen are to contend according to "Police Gazette" rules, with small gloves, for a purse of \$5,000, given by the West End Club.

Since the historical battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world last July, never was there so much interest manifested over an encounter between pugilists.

Bowen, who will battle as the representative Southern champion, has a host of admirers, who, notwithstanding the Illinois Cyclone's great fist reputation and his many victories in the prize ring, will be backed heavily by the leading sporting men of New Orleans.

Bowen has been training steadily at Mulberry Grove, near Covington, La., for the past four weeks, and his training quarters, of which we present a picture elsewhere, have been visited daily by thousands of his admirers. Among sporting men at New Orleans who will back the Louisiana champion are Bud Renaud, Marsh Redon and Capt. Galvin. Myer trained for the proposed battle at Buffalo, N. Y., and only arrived in New Orleans a few days prior to the contest. On the arrival of Myer, with his brother Ed, who will second him; Lee Cheney, of Bloomington, Ill., his backer, and his trainer, Link Pope, whose portraits appear in this issue, they met with a grand reception. The members of the Audubon, Southern Athletic and Young Men's Gymnastic clubs, whose aim is to promote boxing, extended the party a right royal welcome, as is usual with them. It is expected that 3,000 spectators will be present to witness the battle. A large amphitheatre has been erected at West End, and tickets will be \$2, \$5 and \$10 each. O. H. Schonshausen, the proprietor of the Royal Palace Theatre, New Orleans, has full charge of the battle, and it was through his enterprise that the big purse of \$5,000 was subscribed for the contest.

IS SHE MAID OR WIFE?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Emma Reed, a pretty Philadelphia, Pa., girl, is in serious doubts as to whether she is a wife or maiden. A few days ago Miss Reed, with a party of friends, were at a boating rendezvous at Silver Lake, when some one proposed that, by way of diversion, they have a mock marriage. All those present consented. Near the boat house was a party of ball players, among whom was Magistrate Fulmer, who was called in.

The Justice took Emma by the right hand and pointing to William Ford, asked if she would marry him. The girl said "Yes."

They took their places before the Squire, but the latter wasn't going to have any half-way business about the matter, so he called on Harry Barrett and Harriett Parcell to act as best man and bridesmaid.

Clearing his throat, Magistrate Fulmer went through a rigmorole which appeared to his hearers the genuine article, and finally pronounced them man and wife. Now both parties are greatly worried as to whether the ceremony was legal or not.

NO BLOOD WAS SPILLED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. B. Taylor McCue, a well-known member of the tobacco trade, of Richmond, Va., created considerable excitement recently by appearing on the floor of the Tobacco Exchange with a buggy whip in one hand and a cane in the other, and fire in his eye. He declared his intention of horsewhipping Mr. E. D. Christian, Vice-President of the Tobacco Association. Mr. Christian did not pay any attention to McCue until the latter had made several threats. Bystanders interfered and prevented trouble.

The cause of the trouble is, as McCue alleges, that Christian opened a letter he had addressed to the association. No blood was spilled, but champagne took its place.

A WEST VIRGINIA MOVING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fanny Shuman and her brothers, John and Jonathan, recently made a desperate attempt to kill farmer L. G. Rockwell. The Shumans lived on a farm owned by Rockwell, near Middlebourne, Tyler county, W. Va. They moved, and took with them a lot of property belonging to it, said, to Rockwell, who remonstrated with them, when Fanny hit him on the head with a stone, knocking him down. John next fired a load of shot into the farmer, who drew a revolver and fired, but failed to hit the mark. Jonathan then struck him over the head with the musket, and Fanny hit him with another stone. Then Jonathan used an ax on Rockwell's head. The three were arrested. Rockwell's skull was fractured.

EMOTIONAL RAMIE AUSTEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We reproduce this week the picture of Ramie Austen, of the Davidson-Austen Company, who met with so much success a few weeks ago in "Guilty Without Crime" at the People's Theatre. Miss Austen is an emotional actress of great ability, and is held to be one of the most beautiful actresses on the American stage to-day. She was born in this city of Knickerbocker stock, and is but 21 years of age. Besides being a descendant of the Schuyler family of Revolutionary fame she is a niece of the Right Rev. Charles Quintard, the Bishop of Tennessee. She made her debut when but 15 years of age in England, and since then by earnest effort and constant study, has risen to the front rank.

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.—Elegant new photographs of all the pugilists and athletes, size 20x24 inches. Price \$1.50 each. Send for catalogue. Address POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

SHOT DOWN IN COURT.

Mrs. Ackerman Kills Her Husband, Jake Ackerman.

A NOTORIOUS DESPERADO.

She Was Afraid That He'd Murder Her.

A MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, THIEF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Jake Ackerman, a notorious desperado of Memphis, Tenn., is dead at last and the town breathes freer. He was shot dead by Lizzie Ackerman, his wife, and public sympathy is with her as far as the shooting is concerned, although she was not a woman who had many friends except among the lower classes of the people. Jake was one of the worst of Memphis citizens, and his career had been one of crime and outlawry. He was a thief, burglar, highwayman and ex-convict, and was feared by every law-abiding citizen who had ever heard of him.

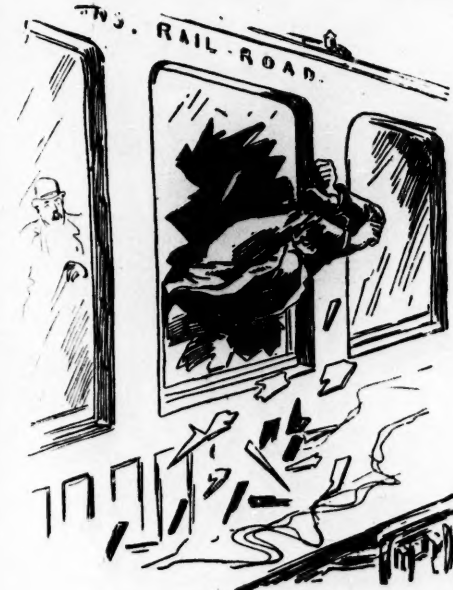
Ackerman was known to every detective in the United States. His father was an Alderman of Memphis, but Jake was a thief from boyhood. In 1874 he and two companions robbed a jewelry store in Memphis, and his pals were killed in resisting arrest. Later he was with a gang of thieves, one of whom killed Police Captain Perry while trying to arrest them. Still later he cut and nearly killed a man in the Peabody



ACKERMAN'S FATE FITS.

Hotel. In 1878 he left Memphis, and that year got into trouble at St. Louis. That year he married a respectable woman in Vincennes, Ind., who secured a divorce when she learned his true character.

In 1883 he married, in Topeka, Kan., the woman who killed him. Her name was Lizzie Broderick. Three months later he robbed Hooker's jewelry store of a tray of diamonds in Des Moines, Ia., and was sent to the penitentiary, from which he escaped. He was again arrested for another offence, and jumped a bail bond of \$1,000 furnished by his father-in-law. He then went to Jacksonville, Fla., was again arrested for robbery, and escaped from jail the same day. He was next heard from at Grenada, Miss., the following spring. At that place he and a man named Gorman, from Vincennes, Ind., attacked an Italian on the south bound train of the Illinois Central road. They threw him from the train, robbed him of nearly \$1,000 and left him for dead. The two men were arrested, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. In company with two guards and two other convicts, Ackerman was put on board the train to go to Jackson, Miss., to serve out his sentence. He instructed his fellow-prisoners to call for water both at the same time. When the guards got up Ackerman jumped out of the window while the train was moving at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, and made his escape in the dense woods. After eluding capture for weeks



JAKE ESCAPED THROUGH A CAR WINDOW.

Ackerman was at length recaptured and taken to the Jackson penitentiary.

While there a strange thing happened. Jake's wife still clung to him, and she fixed up a box which she said contained delicate nourishment for Jake and forwarded it to him at Jackson. When the box arrived at

the penitentiary the Warden, noticing something suspicious, had it opened, and it was found to contain four brand new pistols. Twice again he escaped, and twice he jumped, manacled, from moving trains as he was being returned to the penitentiary.

He got away again in March last, and joining his wife at Helena, Ark., the couple left for Kansas City. From there he went to Omaha and was arrested for robbing a dry goods store of a lot of silks. Once more he escaped and rejoined his wife in Memphis on Monday morning, April 28.

His various escapes were all due to a clever trick he had of feigning epileptic fits by means of filling his mouth with soapuds, thereby simulating the frothing common to fits. He would be sent to the hospital and from there escape.

While he was in the penitentiary his wife entered on a life of shame, and lived in various brothels in Mem-



HE FIRED A MAN FROM A TRAIN.

phis until recently, when she was supported by a married man named Frank Johnson. Before his death Ackerman asserted that his wife caused his arrest in order to get rid of him in Johnson's favor. She did put the police on his track, and the facts in the case leave no room for doubt that she caused his arrest so that she could kill him unawares.

In any event, she had no sooner joined him in Memphis than she had him arrested on charges of assault, attempt to kill and vagrancy. He was arraigned for trial in the police court presided over by Commissioner Bethell and Recorder Garvin. When the case was called Ackerman stepped to the bar, and was approached by his wife, who wore a short cloak which concealed her hands. As she reached his side a report was heard, and the man fell to the ground with a bullet in his abdomen.

The hand of the woman was immediately grasped by Col. N. C. Taylor, her husband's lawyer, but she fired two more shots into the prostrate body. The wounded man was removed to a rear room, where he died an hour later. The woman was taken to the county jail. She was perfectly cool and deliberate, and expresses no regret for her act, and it was proven that she had entered the court room pistol in hand, but that it was concealed by her cloak and was never seen till after the shooting. She says she killed him because she was afraid he would kill her when he was free again, as he had often threatened to do.

AN INDIANA LOVER'S FRENZY.

William H. Guy, aged twenty years, committed suicide on the farm of John Murray, three miles west of Mitchell, recently, by blowing out his brains. He obtained employment on the farm of Murray as overseer. Guy formed an attachment for the beautiful daughter of Murray, aged eighteen years and the belle of the surrounding country. Miss Murray, however, did not reciprocate. The man's actions soon became so offensive to the family of Mr. Murray that they were in constant terror. Murray was afraid to dismiss him from his position. Finally matters grew so bad that Miss Murray was spirited away from her home without the knowledge of Guy to escape his persecutions. The jealous admirer was in a great rage when he heard of this, and had a violent quarrel with the father of the young lady. It ended in Guy's discharge, and he at once purchased a revolver.

During the day Guy wrote a letter saying that he intended to destroy the whole family and then himself. About 8 o'clock he attempted to put his plan into execution by firing through a window at Mrs. Murray. A man named Miller, who was in the house, appeared, when Guy put the revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger. Miller, in his excitement, fired several shots at Guy, who lay groaning under a cedar tree, six yards from the door where Miller stood. Three of Miller's bullets entered Guy's body. The coroner was called, but investigation showed that Guy's own bullet had caused his death.

The suicide left another letter saying he killed himself because of unkind treatment at the hands of Miss Murray.

A MONTEZUMA GA., MURDER.

Charlie Spear, white, and Boss Hangabook, colored, had a difficulty recently which resulted in the killing of Hangabook. From the evidence brought out at the coroner's inquest the killing is the result of an old feud. It appears that Spear and the negro had some words a year ago. On the day in question Spear was drinking, and met the negro and renewed the quarrel. The negro got in his wagon and started home. Spear got on his horse and went in pursuit. He overtook the negro about a mile from town, and commanded him to get out of the wagon and say his prayers, that he was going to kill him.

The negro began begging for his life, but Spear drew his pistol and told the negro to get out and pray or he would kill him without an opportunity of praying. The negro, after remonstrating for a time, finally got out of the wagon and kept begging Spear not to kill. While the negro was on his knees, Spear shot him three times, once through the head, neck and body. The negro died soon after.

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SPHERE-SWATTERS.

A Warm Week With the Whangers.

A DIAMOND DISSERTATION.

Lively Londoners Learning to Lambast Leather.

BASEBALL BASTERS' BREVITIES.

The baseball contagion has struck Great Britain, and everybody over there is breaking out with the complaint in great big blotches. If our cricket friends do not keep their weather eyes opened that game will be relegated to a rear pew and baseball will sit up near the pulpit. A game was played at Preston, Lancashire, recently, between the Western League and the North End Club, and the field was filled by a howling and enthusiastic crowd. The Surrey League are anxious to have some of our boys visit England, and promise to fatten their wallets if they accept the invitation.

There is considerable talk of the Smoky City team being scooped in by Hoosierdom, which, being translated into pure United States, means that Indianapolis has baited its hook for the Pittsburgh Club. From where we sit, it looks as if the Pittsburghers would soon be chasing leather in Ben Harrisonville.

Minneapolis gave Des Moines a horrible black eye without half trying last week. The score was 13 to 5, Twirler Duke doing large work in the box. Des Moines



ON THE GRAND STAND.

wasn't in it until the fourth inning, when they managed to squeeze in an ace, and then corralled one in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. The Minneapolis team is a dandy, and the Des Moines are not slow, by any means.

Elmer Foster, of the Minneapolis team, is doing fat work with the stick and in the field.

Fred Newburg, late secretary and treasurer of the Columbus (O.) Club, is in trouble. He was in trouble once before, owing to his uncontrollable desire for other people's money. Fred should not be so eager to obtain wealth.

Johnny Burdock, well known to baseball fame, has accepted the management of the Jersey City contingent, and Steve Brady, the former manager, has retired.

Over in Brooklyn the St. Augustine church people are indulging in a fair. One of the principal attractions is a diamond badge to be presented to the most popular ball tosser. When the last returns were sent in, Johnny Ward was ahead, with Terry a good second.

There's going to be considerable hair raised before the season grows much older. There appears to be too many associations and leagues in the field, and somebody is going into bankruptcy before long. We're sitting on the fence, watching, and the public will be notified as soon as there are any symptoms of a cave.

Theatrical managers are beginning to feel the harm-



A LEFT-FIELDER.

ful effects of the baseball craze. Matinees, as a rule, don't pan out well, owing to the fact that everybody is scooping in some game or another. The theatrical season will, however, soon pack up its traps and slide for a summer base, and leave the field clear to the swatters.

Yale jumped on Princeton with both feet during the

late lamented week to a tune of 3 to 1. It wasn't much of a scoop, but Yale shouted in fourteen languages, alleluia, and Princeton howled only in New Jersey.

Byrne's Bridegrooms walloped Mutrie's men last week. Seven to three was the slate, and Bobby Caruthers and the rest of the Washington Parkites did themselves proud.

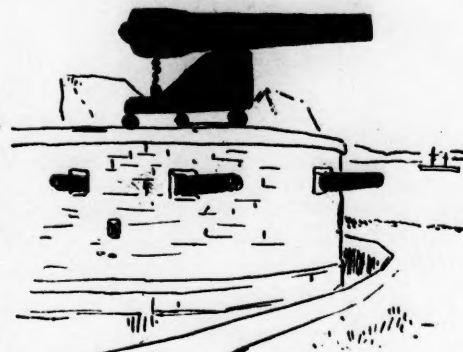
Young Rustie should be re-christened "Rustler." That's what he is. There are few flies in Rustie's neighborhood when he is in good condition.

"Take home a fly in a box" would be a good way of putting it when a pitcher grabs a hot one off the bat.

Kennedy's kids yanked a game from Syracuse last week, and Syracuse girls were real angry about it. Their third baseman did the most of the Batts.

The Chicagos and Clevelanders (P. L.), and Chicagos and Cincinnati (N. L.), were sorely disappointed because they couldn't battle with each other last week. As the boys couldn't swim and had no umbrellas, Jupe Pluve knocked them out.

Why not make it twenty-five cents admission and



A STRONG BATTERY.

twenty-five cents extra to the grand stand? It looks to us as if there would be more money in it, and that's what the most of us are after in these days of impecuniosity.

Philadelphia treated the Boston Cyclones to a knot-hole matinee on May 3. When the game was finished the Boston's score looked like a string of pretzels with the cross-pieces chewed out. Boston threatens to get square if she has to learn to play ball.

The St. Paul club is fast learning the game and will soon be able to keep its end up. They recently put up a terrible game in Milwaukee, and there were so many errors floating around that the air was red, white and blue with the anathemas of their friends.

The Clevelanders have released Pitcher C. J. Parsons. That reminds us that baseball is being gradually elevated. With two Parsons and a Sunday in the field the game is given quite a religious aspect.

Umpire Barnes got in his fine work on Saturday, and docked Dave Orr \$5 and Gil Hatfield \$30 for talking too much. Gil's fine was afterward reduced to a five case note, and David's was remitted. If the umpires continue to mulct the players the latter will soon have to mortgage their boarding houses to buy clothes. But we'll have less jaw just as hard.

The Louisville and Toledo nines put up a good game recently. They had to bang out eleven innings before the thing was settled by Louisville capturing the cake.

The Prospect Park Parade Ground is keeping its end up this year as usual in the b. b. line. There is room for fifty-two games on the field, and Charley Hunt, the manager of the grounds, has his hands full on every bright day. Captain McNamara, of the Park police, has a force on hand and the boys and their admirers have a big time every day. Several cricket clubs also use the field, and Tommy Coyne looks after their wants.

Pretty soon, if not sooner, the public will tire of the squabbling among players, and will announce their determination to have no more of it by absenting themselves from the field. There are only a few chronic kickers on the lists now, and the sooner they



ON THE BLEACHERS.

are brought to a realization of the fact that, while the public love good playing and are willing to pay for it, they won't stand any funny business.

A wisecrack has insinuated that the baseball fever is dying out. That doesn't go. There never was a time in the history of the game when it was more popular. Straight playing will always draw crowds, but hippodroming is bound to find its level, and that level means an array of hungry-looking benches.

PLAY BALL.

FIGHT ON A W. VA. RAILROAD ENGINE.

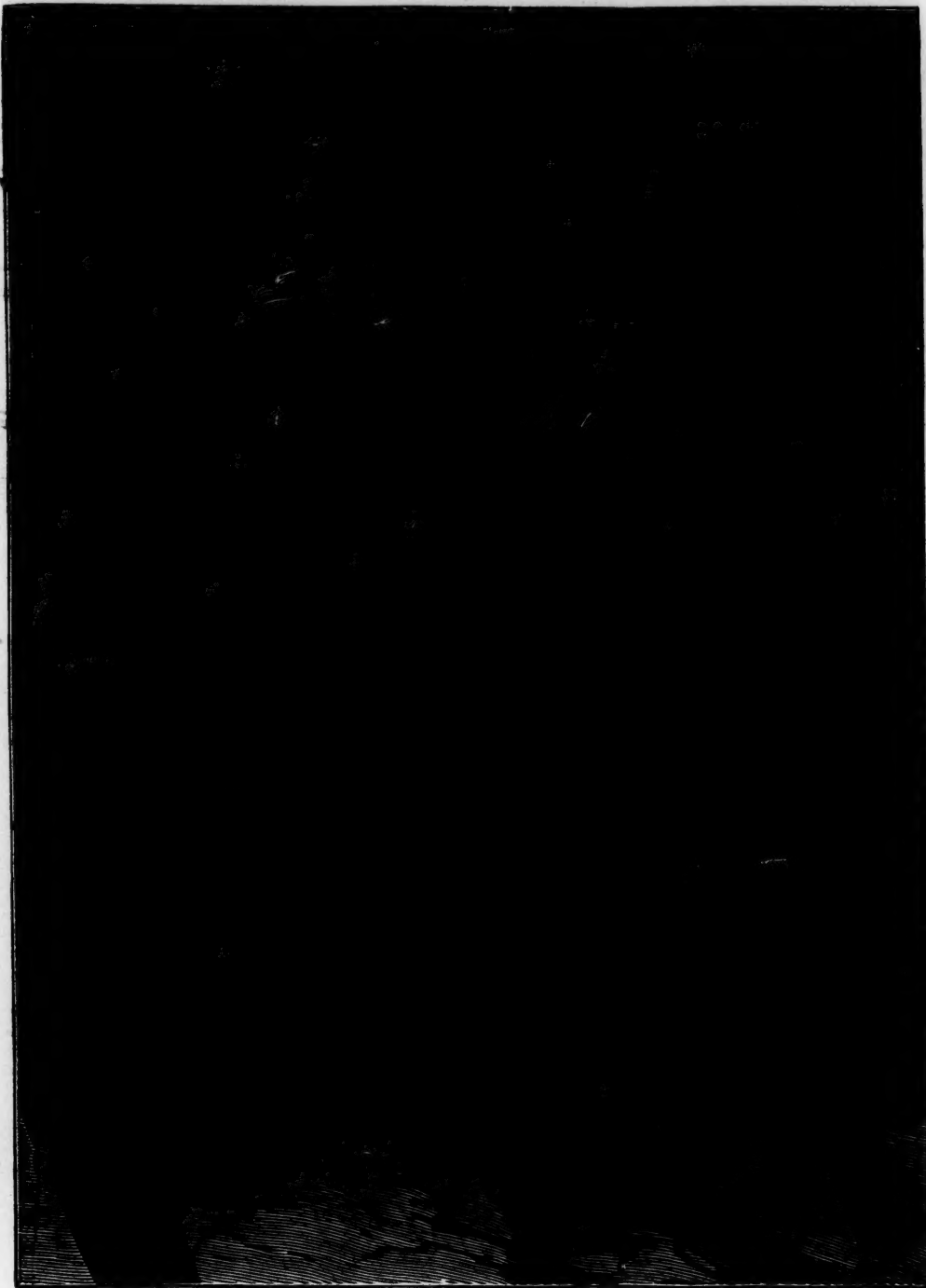
As the east bound fast express pulled out of Engle-side, W. Va., on the Norfolk and Western road, one day recently, a burly negro named Watkins jumped aboard the engine and with one blow felled the fireman to the floor and rolled him out of the cab. He then sprang on the engineer and a desperate fight ensued, while the train was dashing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, having scores of passengers. Several times Engineer Morris was almost thrown out of the cab. After running twenty miles the engine began to slow up, and the negro was by a skilful blow forced from the train. Morris sank down exhausted, but managed to control his engine till the station was reached. As soon as the negro was knocked off he fired four shots at the engineer. He was captured. The fireman was not seriously hurt.

OUR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.—Parties in ordering Photographs will find it to their advantage to send for no less quantities than from a half dozen to one dozen at each order, as less than that is liable to get injured in the mails. Address orders to POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.



A WEST VIRGINIA MOVING.

HOW FANNY SHUMAN AND HER BROTHERS CELEBRATED MAY DAY WITH FARMER, HOOKWELL IN MIDDLEBOURNE, TYLER COUNTY.



A FATAL PLEASURE PARTY.

THE SAD TERMINATION OF A DRIVE FROM LAFAYETTE TO LIMA, O., TO THE PRETTY FEMALE OCCUPANTS OF A CARRIAGE.



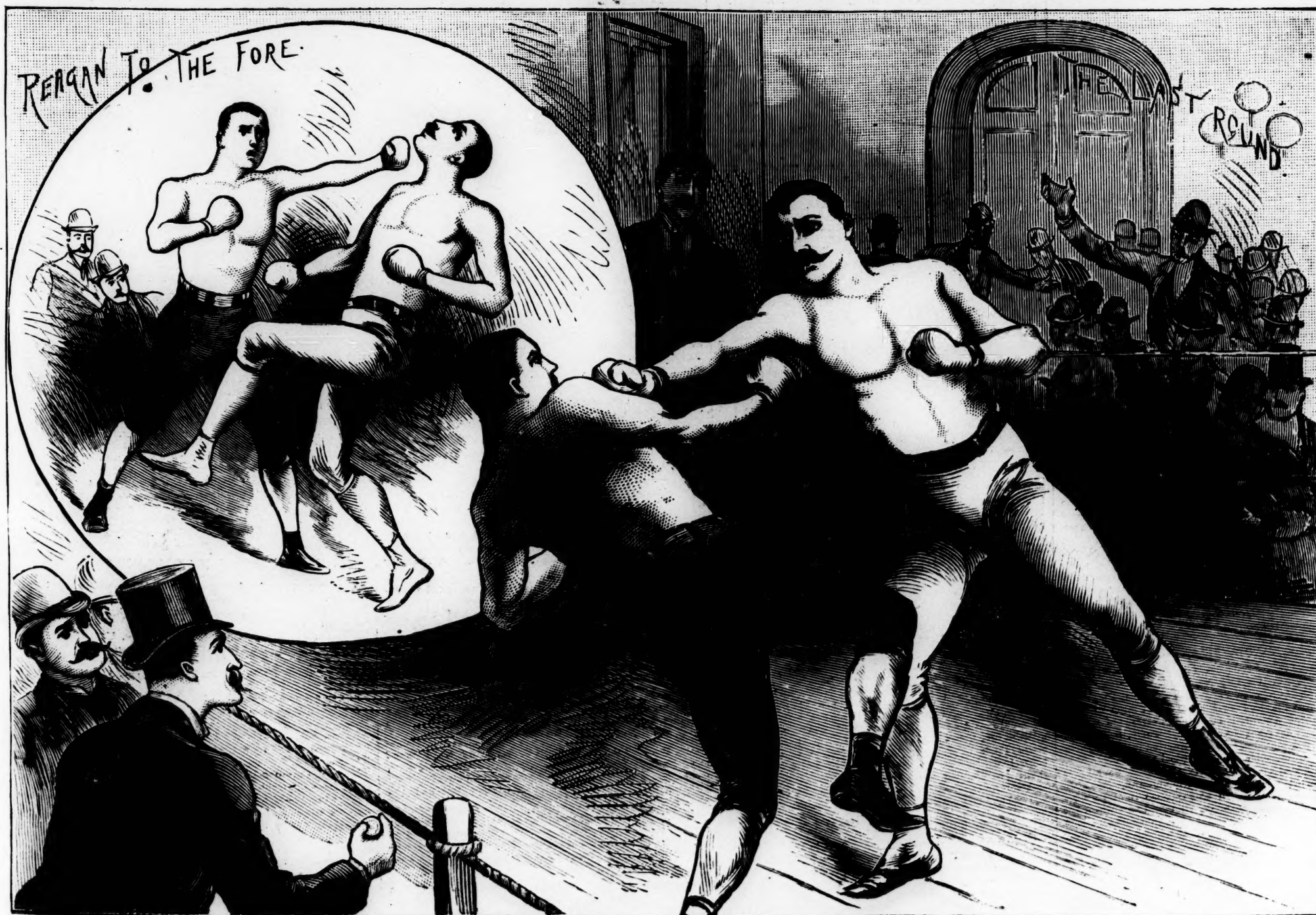
A JEALOUS HUSBAND'S PISTOL.

G. T. SMITH, OF SOUTH NYACK, N. Y., ATTEMPTS TO MURDER HIS WIFE AND A FRIEND AND THEN SUICIDES.



IS SHE MAID OR WIFE?

MISS EMMA REED AND WILLIAM FORD, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., INDULGE IN A MOCK MARRIAGE TO THEIR COST.



PETE MCCOY HEADS OFF JOHNNY REAGAN.

AN EXCITING GLOVE CONTEST IN THE PURITAN ATHLETIC CLUB, OF LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., ON MAY 18.

A WEEK WITH THE BOXERS.

Pete McCoy and Johnny Reagan Spar
Ten Rounds.

JOE McAULIFFE'S CHALLENGES.

McCOY DEFEATS REAGAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The long-expected battle between Pete McCoy, the well-known middle-weight pugilist, and Johnny Reagan, both of New York City, was decided in the Puritan Athletic Club, Long Island City, on May 1. Both men are well known in prize ring circles, and they have a national reputation, both having figured in numerous static encounters at different times in all parts of this country.

Reagan was born in New York City, June 28, 1866, stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 147 pounds. In his minor battles he beat George Bogart of Brooklyn, for a \$100 purse, James Donnelly, for a purse of \$50, and Jack Welch of England, in one round. He beat John Farrell in 3 rounds; Bill Gurrett, in 14 minutes; English Fay, for a purse of \$125; Tom McCoy of Philadelphia, in 4 rounds; Dick Williams, in 3 rounds; Mike Leary, in 3 rounds; Bill Teese and Bill Banks. His first important battle was with Fred Woods of Philadelphia, at Boston, Mass., for a purse. The battle ended in a draw, 7 rounds having been fought in 27 minutes. Reagan met Woods twice, later, the second contest, in Philadelphia, ending in a draw, and in the third, in Long Island City, Woods was declared the winner at the end of 10 rounds. Reagan then defeated Jack Piles, for a purse of \$500 in 44 rounds, 2 hours 56 minutes. On August 8, 1887, he fought a draw with Tom Henry of Bury, England, for \$1,000. Twenty-nine rounds were fought in 2 hours 29 minutes. He was then defeated by Jack Dempsey in a battle for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the middle-weight championship of America.

Pete McCoy was born in Ireland in 1858. He stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. In 1879 he made his debut as a pugilist by defeating Billy Fields in a public glove contest. In 1883 he defeated Paddy McDermott in a glove contest. He afterward defeated Dick Yarwood in 3 rounds. In January, 1884, while travelling with the Sullivan combination, he beat Dave Cusick in Butte City, Mont. in six rounds, with small gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side.

He fought Duncan McDonald for \$500 a side and gate money. In Butte City, Mont. McCoy won in 31 rounds. He defeated Jack Stewart, the champion heavy-weight of Canada, in 1 round, at Boston. He beat Ned Craig in 4 rounds, at Springfield, Mass. with small gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for a \$300 purse. He fought a draw with Dominick McCaffrey, at Boston, Mass., the battle ending in a wrangle in the fourth round. McCoy then fought George Le Blanche at Boston, Mass., with gloves, for \$500 a side, on April 17, 1885. Only two rounds were fought when the police stopped the affair. On Sept. 15, 1885, they met again and the battle ended in a draw after 5 rounds had been fought in 19 minutes. McCoy next met Jack Dempsey, the champion for gate money, at the Oakland Rink, Jersey City, N. J., on Feb. 24, 1886. McCoy was beaten in 6 rounds, 23 minutes. McCoy beat Jack Langdon at Philadelphia, on Nov. 26, 1886, in 3 rounds, 8 minutes. He next defeated Jack McClintock, at Philadelphia, Dec. 11, 1886 in 2 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, the battle lasting 5 minutes. On Oct. 31, 1889, he defeated Eddy Cuff, at Los Angeles, Cal. for a purse, in 2 rounds, 5 minutes. His last battle was with Charley Gageon at San Francisco, whom he defeated.

On the eve of the battle delegations of sporting men, and the lovers of the manly art began to arrive from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Troy, Rochester and Buffalo, it being well known that both men were to battle on their merits, and that the contest would not be hindered or stopped because the Puritan is a legally authorized athletic club, and was bound to see fair play and no infraction of the law.

The club building is a new frame structure, located on Borden avenue, Long Island City, about 5 minutes walk from the Hunter's Point Ferry. The building is 60 by 160, and is capable of holding fully 3,000 spectators. A large ring, 24 feet square, had been erected in the center of the building. On each side of the ring were four elevated private boxes which would seat eight persons each. On the north and the south ends of the ring were two long boxes especially for the press, while at each end were 1,000 chairs. All were filled.

Mayor Gleason, the popular official of Long Island City, was in one of the private boxes, as were also other prominent authorities and townsmen, while the police were out in full force to keep the peace and to see that there was no rowdiness, a precaution that proved entirely unnecessary. The battle was fought under the management of the Puritan Athletic Club, and everything was arranged by the Directors of the club to see that the contest was brought off in a satisfactory manner. It was nearly midnight when the pugilists arrived, and then there was a long delay in selecting a referee. Finally, Billy Kelly, who fought Sam Collier for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America nearly two decades ago, was selected, amid loud cheers.

Reagan was seconded by Dooney Harris and Bob Smith, the veteran pugilists, while Joe Pendergast and Arthur Mullen attended on McCoy. The battle was a desperate one.

In the first round McCoy gained first blood, but Reagan had decidedly the best of the round. In the second round there was tremendous fighting, and the blows made hair and skin fly.

In the third round Reagan forced the fighting, but McCoy was well in and exchanged blow for blow with his opponent until he napped a heavy right-hand blow on the jaw and the force sent McCoy to the floor. It was a knock down and the only one in the fight. As the fight progressed each in turn had the leading, but McCoy appeared the strongest, and time and again adroitly escaped several swinging blows.

In the eighth round McCoy forced the fighting, and those who had been backing Reagan, for a time looked blue. At the conclusion McCoy was declared the winner amid tremendous cheering. Reagan and his friends were dissatisfied with the decision but it was final.

Mattie Corbett, Dick Ross and others backed McCoy, while John Shanley and Billy Reid put up their money on Reagan. Steve O'Donnell was master of ceremonies, and announced to the crowd that the men would contend by Richard K. Fox rules. The gloves were the "Police Gazette" champion boxing gloves and weighed three ounces.

JOE McAULIFFE ANXIOUS.

As will be seen by reference to another column, Joe McAuliffe of San Francisco, better known in prize ring circles as the "Prisco Giant," has arrived in New York and thrown down the gauntlet to John L. Sullivan, Frank P. Slavin and Jake Kilrain to meet him in the arena, is a giant in height and weight, and no one can say that he is not a pugilist of the first water; neither can any one throw any slur against him for aspiring to reach the top rung on the pugilistic ladder, judging by his record. McAuliffe started in the boxing business while he belonged to an athletic club at the Mission, at San Francisco. He would get there once or twice in the evening after leaving his arduous duties at the neighboring tannery. It so happened that there was a big bully in the Mission, a bigger man than Joe, who has only begun to grow within the last two years. One night this big bully created a disturbance in the club room and no one made any attempt to stop him until he became positively abusive, and he was "bounced" out of the place by the combined forces of the club. He returned and challenged the members to individual or collective combat, and Joe McAuliffe told him to go away, that he was drunk, and that if he came around on Sunday morning the mill would take place. The bully came around sure enough, and insisted on stripping to the buff. McAuliffe took off his coat only, and pleasantly asked his opponent: "Where do you want it?" The bully squared off, made a pass, wiped the wind, and McAuliffe's right hand went out and landed like a steel trip hammer on the bully's jaw, and for 25 minutes he was dead to the world.

Jack Brady was the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast in those days, and although he could not be called a skilled man, he was rather a clever natural fighter. He was a punishment taker, but he was a difficult man to get to train properly for a fight. His foolishness that way caused his death about a year or so ago in 'Frisco. Jack loved to fight, and when Dick Matthews went to San Francisco from Australia and offered to fight any one, Jack Brady stepped in the ring for a purse of \$200, and lost his championship.

Dick Matthews was about to leave for Australia without having been defeated, when Joe McAuliffe, who had downed the Mission bully, was coaxed into trying to keep the championship title in California. He was not a very clever boy then, but he made things so hot that Matthews went to sleep in about the 15th round.

McAuliffe being the champion of the Pacific Coast then, Mike Brennan, the Port Costa Giant, came forward to meet him. This great 62-round battle took place at the first California Athletic Club, under the auspices of poor old Jack Seymour. Brennan, who hits hard enough to break a lamp-post in two, rushed madly on his opponent, who was yet a novice in ring tactics, but Joe fought him back with wonderful courage and strength. The fight was one of the most exciting ever seen in California. Brennan saw that he must eventually lose, and he was taking chances of winning by fouling. Barney Farley, who was behind Joe McAuliffe, rushed in the ring about the 40th round and claimed that his man had been fouled. Pat O'Sullivan, the bull headed fighter, was behind Brennan, and he too rushed into the ring. For a moment it looked as though a four-cornered battle was to take place, and there is hardly a doubt that it would but for the prompt action of one of the board of directors, Phil Jacoby, the diminutive but wonderfully powerful member, who jumped in the ring, got a neck hold on Farley, and in the next moment had tossed him over the ropes into the excited crowd of spectators. Pat O'Sullivan retired quietly after that, and the fight went on without further interruption to the finish. Brennan lost a very hard-fought battle.

Joe McAuliffe then defeated Paddy Ryan, the ex-heavy-weight champion of the world, who only relinquished that title to John L. Sullivan, who whipped him in 9 rounds. McAuliffe whipped Ryan with gloves in 3 rounds, and did not receive a blow.

On May 21, 1888, McAuliffe fought Frank Glover, of Chicago, in the California Athletic Club, for a purse of \$1,750. McAuliffe weighed 207 pounds, while Glover scaled 170 pounds. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules.

Forty-nine rounds were fought in 3 hours 15 minutes, when McAuliffe knocked Glover out by a tremendous blow on the left jaw.

The "Prisco Giant's" next battle was with Mike Conley, of Ashland, Wis., for a purse of \$2,000. The battle was fought in the California Athletic Club, on Oct. 28, 1888. McAuliffe weighed 205 pounds, Conley, 178 pounds. Only 2 rounds were fought when McAuliffe knocked the Irish Giant out. Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-weight champion, was then matched against McAuliffe, and the California Athletic Club put up a purse of \$3,000. McAuliffe weighed 212 pounds, while Jackson weighed 200 pounds. This battle ended in McAuliffe's first defeat.

Twenty-four slashing rounds were fought in 1 hour 15 minutes, when McAuliffe, who had not paid strict attention to training, had to succumb to the colored champion's blows. Since then, McAuliffe has defeated Pat Kilien the Duluth Slasher. He is now ready to meet any man in the world in the prize ring for either a big purse or for a stake. Billy Madden, who brought out John L. Sullivan, and made Charley Mitchell's reputation by bringing him to America, is behind McAuliffe, and he is eager that he shall meet the big "una."

McAuliffe is the biggest pugilist who has stood in the ring since Ned O'Balwin, the Irish Giant, flourished in this country. O'Balwin stood 6 feet 8½ inches in height, while McAuliffe, who is 2 inches less in stature, is several pounds heavier.

THE "WEST END'S" COMPETITION.

The boxing competition of the West End Athletic Association was concluded at Newark, N. J., on April 29. Among the crowd present was John L. Sullivan and John S. Cusack. Benny Williams and Henry W. Buermyer were the judges.

The final in the 105-pound class was between Kid Hogan, National A. C., Brooklyn, and J. McDermott, of the same club. This bout was apparently fixed, as they did not seem afraid of hurting each other. Hogan won.

The final in the 115-pound class was between C. Burns, National A. C., and W. Tucker, West End A. C. An extra round was required, and it became so free that the contest stopped it. Burns was awarded the fight.

The final bout of the 130 pound class was between Dowdell, Eagle A. C., and Harmon, Pastime A. C. In the second round Harmon knocked Dowdell through the ropes, and the referee decided it a foul and gave the fight to Dowdell. The audience hissed and yelled at the decision, but it went.

The final in the 145-pound class was between Arlington, of the A. A. C. and Owen Harvey, Pastime A. C.; it did not come off, Arlington hurt his wrist and refused to continue. The referee was Thomas P. Evans, of the Brooklyn Citizen.

JACK HOPPER AND BILLY MYER.

The battle between Jack Hopper, the well-known light-weight of New York, and Billy Myer, of St. Louis, Ill., was decided at Alexandria, Va., on May 2. The fight was for 75 and 25 per cent of the net receipts. George Mantz, a former saloonkeeper and pugilist of Washington, was chosen referee. George Northridge seconded Hopper, and Eddie Myer looked after his brother.

When time was called for the sixth round Myer's body showed many red marks, the effect of his opponent's blows. He set a good stiff pace from the opening, and began to rush his man after the style which has earned him his sobriquet. He banged away at Hopper, and suddenly shot his right out hard and landed square on the point of Hopper's jaw, knocking him to the floor. Hopper lay there more than ten seconds allowed under the rules, and the referee awarded the fight to Myer. Hopper quickly came to, and both men walked down to the station, showing very few signs of the fight, and smiling confidentially.

TWELVE VICIOUS ROUNDS.

A terrific fight, consuming nearly the entire night, was finished on May 2 at Indianapolis, Ind. George Jordan and Jack Moore, two powerful men, were the combatants. For three rounds there was close fighting, and each man received considerable punishment. In the fourth round Jordan was knocked down, but responded to the call in time. He was very groggy for a few seconds, and his friends were about ready to throw up the sponge when he recovered. For six rounds the fighting was terrific. It was give and take, hammer and tongs, and each "pug" kissed the ropes several times. The eleventh round was occupied sparring for wind, and at the twelfth both men were tired out. At the end of the twelfth it was daylight, and the fight was declared a draw. The stakes were \$50 a side, and two-ounce gloves were used.

WON ON A FOUL.

At Philadelphia, on May 3, there was a slashing mill between Bill Bubbies, better known as Bill Davis, and Mike Boden, the Kanuck. The fight took place in a private house and was witnessed by only a few spectators. The battle was for a \$200 purse, and was very hot and bloody while it lasted. Boden had the better of it during the early part of the fight, but when condition began to tell Bubbies got in some good blows. Boden finally resorted to wrestling, and in the twelfth round he picked Davis up bodily and threw him to the floor. A foul was claimed and allowed and Davis declared the winner.

TWO BLACK FIGHTERS.

A vicious prize-ring encounter was decided in the City Hall at Saint Ste Marie, Mich., on May 1, between Blank Frank, the champion middle-weight of the Northwest, and Black Diamond, now of the Soo, matched for a finish fight. Twelve rounds were fought with two-ounce gloves, the men paying no attention to the referee, and hammering each other without regard to the length of rounds. After the twelfth round the police interfered and stopped the fight. It was declared a draw. Both men were badly punished. Another match will be arranged.

NEW CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF CAL. MCCARTHY, feather-weight champion pugilist. Price 10 cents. Sent by mail to any address. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

STILL PRODUCING MUSCLE.

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A WEEK OF LIVELY SPORT.

Ballston has been reinstated on the turf. So has Bill Bryan.

Jack McAuliffe, the champion, is increasing his bank roll on the race track.

E. W. Terrington, the champion marksman of Connecticut, died at Norwich, Conn., on May 1.

Cal. McCarthy is trying to give George Dixon a 10-round go before the latter goes to England.

Another feather-weight champion pugilist of Australia has started for this country. He is called Young Griffo.

Ed. Smith, of Denver, who is matched to fight Jake Kilrain in July, will go into training at New Orleans on June 17.

Prof. Mike Donovan states that Pete McCoy never defeated him in either a glove contest or tested him in an exhibition.

Charles J. Psotta, the amateur carsman, is now on his way to England to take part in the Henley and Metropolitan regattas.

Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler, who is living at Seattle, Wash., has challenged Joe Acton to wrestle for \$500.

On May 1, at the Gladstone Athletic Club, Providence, R. I., George Dixon defeated Green, the Black Spider, in 3 rounds, 8 minutes.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting Association on May 1 expelled G. I. Young, of East Boston, Mass., on a charge of fraud.

The Staten Island Athletic Club's thirteenth annual spring games will be held on the club grounds, on Saturday afternoon, May 24, 1890.

The 220-yard race between Florence Donoghue of Brighton, and Dan Scully of Marlboro, will be run Saturday, May 10, on Holmes field, Cambridge.

Andy Kelly, of the Bridge Athletic Club, fought Collins, Jack Fallon's Unknown, April 25, 13 rounds. Collins won. The battle was for 10 rounds and they fought 13.

Phil Dwyer, the famous turfman, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE denying the story published broadcast that he would back James Corbett against any man in the world.

James Corbett arrived at San Francisco on April 28. The famous pugilist spoke in glowing terms of his treatment by the New York Athletic Club and Richard K. Fox.

Marty Bergan's finish on King Idle, at Elisabeth, on May 1, when he beat Ebbs and Pomilio, who finished heads apart, was the most sensational ever seen on a race track.

On April 29 George Lee of Newark, N. J., sailed for England. He will train Chas. G. Psotta, the amateur carsman, who is entered to row in the Royal Henley Regatta.

Jimmy Nelson of New London, Conn., and Chris Carroll of Rhode Island, are to contend with small gloves, 25 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at Providence, R. I., on May 12.

We have not received any answer from either John L. Sullivan or Peter Jackson to Joe McAuliffe's recent challenge. Joe is anxious and willing to meet either or both of them.

William H. Germaine, who figured prominently in the Sullivan-Kilrain match, is now business manager of "June" Rankin's bright little paper, the Sporting Critic. Billy is a hustler.

Sailor Brown called at this office recently and issued a challenge to box Pete McCoy, ten or twenty rounds, for \$500 a side, in the Puritan Athletic Club. Jack McAuliffe will back Brown.

Jimmy Gillen, of New York, defeated Reynolds in a glove contest, for a purse, in 10 rounds, 30 minutes, near New York City, on April 29. Gillen made a grand display, he being overmatched.

Young Mitchell, who is to fight George Le Blanche for \$5,000 next month in the California Athletic Club, has gone into training. Betting on the result has already commenced at San Francisco.

The inter-collegiate series of games of lacrosse was opened at Bethlehem, Pa., on May 3, between the Lehigh and Stevens Institute teams. The Lehigh students won by a score of 9 goals to 1.

Billy Murphy, the famous Australian feather-weight, was photographed at the POLICE GAZETTE photo gallery, on April 28, with the "Police Gazette" feather-weight champion belt.

Billy Gorman, of Newark, N. J., conquered Eddy Ryan, of Brooklyn, with small gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$350, in 14 rounds, 55 minutes, at College Point, N. Y., on April 25.

The well-known wrestler, Greek George, is going to send his wife to Norway and then go to England to wrestle Antoine Pierre. Prior to his departure he will wrestle Charley Green, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Jake Schaefer and McCleary play billiards for \$4,000 at the Pacific Coast on May 29-30. The game will be 1,000 points up. McCleary is to be allowed a discount. Schaefer will have to roll high to win.

Billy Murphy, of Australia, after being photographed with the "Police Gazette" champion belt, left for Boston on April 28. On his return he will arrange a match to box 6 rounds with Mike Cushing.

It is probable that the Atlanta-Bradford eight-oared shell race over a mile and a half course will be rowed on June 17, either on Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, Mass., or on the Charles river, at Boston.

W. W. Naughton, Peter Jackson's personal manager, arrived in San Francisco on April 27. He notified the California Athletic Club that Peter Jackson was pleased at the prospect of meeting John L. Sullivan.

L. H. Cypher, of Pittsburg, Pa., who is twenty-five years of age, stands 6 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 220 pounds, writes to Richard K. Fox that he is willing to meet any man in the country in a glove contest.

If the track is heavy the day the Brooklyn Handicap is run, and Raceland starts, the race should be between Raceland, Badger and Los Angeles. Heavy going suits all three horses, and Major Domo will also be in it.

The Puritan Athletic Club has offered a purse of \$1,000 for another go between Johnny Reagan and Pete McCoy, and as the former is dissatisfied with the result of Thursday night's fight, the men will likely meet in a few days and sign articles.

H. S. Frazier, the champion light-weight of Colorado, writes that he is ready to meet Harry McCoy of Peoria, Ill., if the Fort Madison Athletic Club will put up a suitable purse to fight for, the winner to take 65 per cent and the loser 35 per cent.

Miss Clara Bell of Springfield, Mass., writes that she would like to compete against any female in the world in a six-day race, 12 hours a day, for \$500. Joe Williams, the Baltimore pugilist, has assumed the management of Bertie Lawrence and Miss Clara Bell.

The battle between Jerry Sullivan and Ducky Daly, both of Worcester, Mass., for a purse, in the Farnell Athletic Club, on May 1, was won by Sullivan after a desperate battle. The men fought 26 rounds in 1 hour and 2 minutes. Daly broke his arm early in the battle.

J. L. Laird of Philadelphia, who has witnessed nearly all the big fights in California and Europe, was present at the Reagan and McCoy fight. He said: "If this battle is a sample of the Puritan Athletic Club fights, they can catch my dollars, and I will travel miles to attend them."

Billy Mahan, the famous pugilist of San Francisco, has scored another victory. On April 28, at the Occidental Club, San Francisco, he fought Billy Shannon, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$1,250. Mahan won after a desperate battle, which lasted 15 rounds, in 58 minutes.

At the Philadelphia Athletic Club, on April 29, Jimmy Mitchell and Jack Hanley, of Erie, Pa., fought. Mitchell knocked Hanley out by a blow on the point of the jaw, and the Erie pugilist did not recover for two minutes. Hanley excused himself with the old, stereotyped guy that he was sick.

The Naval apprentices held their fencing and boxing championships at Newport, R. I., on May 1. In fencing, F. C. Hart took the prize for broadsword, and O. T. Hurd for foil. In boxing the victors were: Heavy-weights, M. J. Flaherty; light-weights, L. Logeman; feather-weights, C. K. Goss.

The Brooklyn Lacrosse team defeated the Philadelphia team in the latter's first game for the championship of the Eastern Amateur Lacrosse Association at the Athletic Club baseball grounds, Twenty-seventh and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, on May 3. Score: Brooklyn 6 goals, Philadelphia 0.

On May 1 at the Columbia Athletic Club, New Orleans, Jack Lawrence of Detroit and Louis Guitteau of New Orleans fought for a \$500 purse. Although a novice, Guitteau had the best of it for four rounds, but Lawrence began to blow him in the fifth, and finally knocked him out in the seventh.

Barney Hubbard, of the North End, Boston, and Dan McGivern, fought for a purse in the Gladstone Athletic Club, Boston, on May 1. It was a determined battle. McGivern was knocked down repeatedly during the three rounds that were fought, and was finally knocked out. The battle lasted 7 minutes.

Harry Bethune, the noted sprinter, has gone to England to claim his share of a fortune left by an uncle in Scotland who recently died. George Bethune, his brother, State geologist of Washington, is also an heir. Harry says that after receiving his inheritance he will never race again. The estate amounts to \$175,000.

Col. J. H. McLaughlin, the retired collar-and-elbow champion of the world, who was always greatly admired in Detroit, Mich., Boston, Mass., and New York, is now the proprietor of the Wood House, Seattle, Wash., which is the headquarters of the sporting element. McLaughlin, in his day, was one of the greatest wrestlers in the world.

Billy Murphy and Austin Gibbons called at this office on May 4, where Murphy stated that he was going to arrange a match with Johnny Griffen, of Braintree, to box six rounds. Gibbons stated that if Cushing desired to meet him he would have to put up his money with John Kelly and agree to fight in California. Gibbons don't want much.

The preliminaries of a match between Paddy McBride, of Philadelphia, and Jimmy Lynch, of New York, have been arranged. The contest is to be with gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 a side. Frank Merritt has posted \$100 on behalf of Lynch, and John J. Quinn has put up a like amount for McBride. The final arrangements will be made as soon as possible.

M. T. Clark, of Boston, Mass., on April 26, telegraphed to L. R. Fulk, the popular and gentlemanly President of the California Athletic Club, that John L. Sullivan had instructed him to state that he will accept the proposition made by the California Athletic Club, to give a purse of \$20,000 for a contest between Sullivan and Jackson, after his Mississippi trouble is settled on June 28, but that the winner must take all.

A jumping match has been arranged between James C. Medway, the champion of America, and an unknown, for \$500 and the championship. Captain Mike Boyle is backing Medway, who is said to be a phenomenon. The unknown is also described as a wonder. He has jumped over 14 feet in a single jump; over 27 feet in two jumps, and 42 feet will not stop him at three standing jumps. Richard K. Fox is the final stakeholder. The conditions of the match are that each man is to contend in one single, one backward, two single, two backward, three single, three backward and one high jump; also, a single jump over chairs, backward and forward, and one jump from the end of a brick, backward and forward, making eleven events. The man winning the majority will be declared the winner.

At the New Jersey Jockey Club at Elisabeth, N. J., on May 3, Rosa, owned by Mike Daly, won. She was a 50 to 1 shot. "Davy" Johnson laid 250 to 1, and made one bet of \$2,500 to \$10. "Tom" Chiffa wrote one ticket \$200 to \$10 straight and \$250 to \$10 place. The other "bookies" laid similar odds at the opening, but as the horses went to the post 50 to 1 was Rosa's prevailing price. Each one of Rosa's backers got a small fortune with very little risk. All in all it was one of the best played long shots seen on the turf. When the depleted outsider galloped in, an easy winner they found that they were many thousand dollars losers. Rosa lost \$4,000; Johns, \$4,000; Carroll, \$5,000, and so on. Not a bookmaker escaped. It is estimated that \$70,000 was taken out of the ring. Jockey Fitzpatrick won nearly \$1,000 with \$15. Daly himself must have won a cartload of money.

In reference to the statement published that the Ormonde Club, of London, England, is composed solely of bookmakers, and that George Dixon's backer, Thomas O'Rourke, would not allow the colored pugilist to meet Nunc Wallace in that club, has brought out the following denial:

LONDON, ENGLAND, April 27.
RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir, Will you please publish in your world-renowned sporting paper that the statement that the Ormonde Club members comprise nothing but bookmakers and Nunc Wallace's friends, is false in every particular. The club is composed of sportsmen who will offer big purses for English and American pugilists to contend for. Neither Wallace or any of his friends have any interest with the club, and the only time he was ever in the club was when he fought George Camp for £1,000. The latter is a member of the club, and was backed by all the Ormonde Club members when Wallace defeated him. If Wallace and Dixon meet in the club the best man will win.
F. CRITCHTON TRIPLE,
Managing Director.

PHILADELPHIA MILITIA SPORTS.

The games of the First Regiment of Philadelphia were decided on May 3. The events resulted as follows:

One-mile walk—Won by C. H. Buckley, Y. M. C. A. Time, 8 minutes 1 second.

Running high jump—Won by Lewis L. Shuck, University of Pennsylvania. Height, 5 feet 3½ inches.

Tug-of-war (closed)—Won by Company A by 5 inches.

Tug-of-war (open)—Won by the Berkeley team of A. C. N. Y. by 3 inches.

Sparring (for regiment only)—Won by Leigh Claypole.

One hundred yards dash—Won by C. T. Bucholz, A. C. S. N. Time, 12 seconds.

Quarter-mile run—Thomas Orr, Co. H. Time, 63 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race—Won by E. E. Barnes, N. J. A. C.

Half-mile run—Won by August W. Bucholz, 3 minutes 10 seconds.

Foie vaulting—Won by William Nees, Philadelphia Turngemeinde; height, 8 feet 6 inches.

Two-mile bicycle race—Won by W. W. Taxis, 6 minutes 40 seconds.

Broad-sword contest—Won by Fr. of Frank J. Scannapicco.

Fencing—Won by W. J. Van Leer, A. C. S. N.

Light-weight sparring—Won by Frank Boulden, W. A. C., of Wilmington.

Middle-weight sparring—Won by Charles Rath, W. A. C., of Wilmington.

Special sparring—Won by William H. Ton, A. C. S. N.

Middle-weight wrestling—Won by Geo. W. Hoskins, A. C. S. N.

Light-weight wrestling—Won by Herman Wolf, A. C. S. N.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF THE AMERICAN Athletic now ready. Handsomely illustrated. Price 25 cents. Address POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.

EXPERT PUGILISTS ALL RIGHT.

Duffers Only Dangerous to Life Because of Their Lack of Knowledge.

SULLIVAN AND PETER JACKSON.

The authorities in Boston are making a great hub-bub over the death of James Fallon, the pugilist, who was alleged to have died from injuries received in a glove contest at the Bay State Athletic Club, Boston, on April 22, in a contest with John Murray. The latter was at first charged with assault with intent to kill.

This was an absurd charge, with no evidence to support it, but on April 27 the complaint was changed to wilful and deliberate murder. The idea of charging a boxer with wilful murder, simply because his antagonist died from punishment he received in a contest (a competition that the deceased himself agreed to compete in) is, in my mind, ridiculous.

Neither Murray nor Fallon was an expert at pugilism, and their ideas of the rudiments of the science of boxing are amateur-like. Neither could be classed a first, or even fifth rate pugilist. If they had been it is doubtful if Fallon would not have been living to-day. Nine out of ten of the pugilists who are killed in glove contests are tyros of the game, who do not know the art of self-defense, or how to prepare for the ordeal.

Ever since Jimmy Carney killed Jimmy Highland in the ring about a decade ago, there have been several fatal glove-contests, but in one case in a hundred neither the victim nor his conqueror was a first-class pugilist.

In the Weeden and Walker fatal battle, in which it was claimed that Jimmy Weeden killed Walker, neither was a champion, and Walker did not die from a blow he received in the ring, but from the exposure he had to bear in a boat in the broiling hot sun after the sheriff and his posse attempted to arrest all parties at Perry, N. J.

It is seldom one will read of one champion being killed by another. Not because they can not strike terrific blows, but because they are masters of the science of the art of self-defense, and they thoroughly prepare themselves to withstand the terrific battering they must necessarily undergo.

Just think of the terrific sledge-hammer-like blows Mike McCool, who stood over six feet in height and weighed over 200 pounds, delivered on Aaron Jones when they fought in 1887 for the championship of America. McCool, in the last round, delivered a blow on Aaron Jones' forehead which opened a gash and one that would have killed any ordinary man, but Jones was not killed.

Again, the terrific blow Charley Gallagher, who stood over six feet in height, and scaled nearly 200 pounds, gave Tom Allen, which knocked him insensible and decided the heavy-weight championship of America. Allen did not die. At Mystic Island, when Billy Edwards, who could, in his day, strike just as forcible blows as any light-weight who stood in the ring, broke Sam Collier's jaw and punished him terribly, Collier was none the worse two days after.

I could name fifty other cases of battles between prominent pugilists who have ended the contest by a terrific left-hand blow on the bridge of the nose, a right-hand cross-counter on the jaw or a swinging round-hand blow on the jugular, and still the pugilist conquered was not killed. It is a puzzle to find where a pugilist and I mean one possessed of all the necessary qualities both in quantity or quality, during the past three decades, that takes in many of the leading champions of the prize ring, has been killed in the ring.

In my opinion, Fallon was not sound, and that he did not die from a blow or a series of blows, but from some lurking disease, and it appears that it is unjust to charge Murray with wilful murder, when he had not the least idea of killing his opponent, but simply entered the contest to win the purse offered.

Murray did not contend in a regular prize fight, but simply in a glove contest for a purse offered by a regularly chartered athletic club. He did not insist on Fallon meeting him or compelling him to do so, but the contract was mutual. Therefore I think the charge of wilful murder will not stand, and all the authorities will be able to convict Murray of will manslaughter, even if they can prove that Fallon died from the blows he delivered.

Fallon's death should be a warning to the scores of pugilists who imagine they can win laurels in the prize ring, and who constantly engage in glove contests when they do not possess the necessities to stand the exertion and punishment they have to undergo.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion pugilist of the world and the holder of the "Police Gazette" championship belt, on his arrival from the Pacific Slope, met with a grand reception. It was Caesar's entry into Rome transferred to New York.

From a long conversation I had with the champion, I am sorry to have to say that the California Athletic Club did not extend a cordial reception to McAuliffe, neither did they act fair and square (according to McAuliffe's statement) in his match with Jimmy Carroll. In the first place, the club refused to allow McAuliffe's intimate friends to be present at the match, while they placed several technical impediments in his way in regard to weighing, etc.

During the fight McAuliffe's beef tea was locked up in a closet, and the secretary of the club refused to give his representative the key of the closet. McAuliffe, I understand, would not have been able to receive this necessary, except that his partner burst in the door.

Again, he had Carroll out ten seconds in the forty-sixth round, but Carroll was allowed five seconds, and even when he did knock him out the clock had registered fifteen seconds before he got the verdict.

I must confess that I was surprised when the champion related his long chapter of grievances, for I thought the members of the California Athletic Club were above countenancing such meanness.

L. B. Folds is a believer in fair play, and only McAuliffe had the president's vote in his favor on several mooted questions he would have had one end and the middle the worst of the bargain.

I think the trouble was that Carroll is one of the boxing teachers of the club, and when they put up the purse of \$5,000 for McAuliffe and Carroll to battle for they backed Carroll when they heard McAuliffe had contracted malaria, and they were eager to land their money by putting all kinds of barriers in the champion's way. Now, I do not know the ins and outs of the affair, and I am not going to take up the cudgels for either the California Athletic Club or for McAuliffe, but from information I have directly received from a responsible party on the Pacific Slope there is more truth than fiction about what McAuliffe says.

The California Athletic Club, by their liberality in giving purses for first-class pugilists to contend for, has made its name famous, and it should not act as a censor of pugilism or put any straw in the way of pugilists in the East to prevent them from conquering Pacific Slope champions, even if the latter are attacks of the club. The straight road is the correct one, and I should think that, outside of seeing that the pugilists are at weight and enter the ring according to the conditions they agree to when matched to battle for a purse, the members of the club should not interfere. If they do, after a while there will be no pugilists of any prominence who will travel to California to battle for their purses.

The pugilistic sensation of the times is the proposed battle between John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, and Peter Jackson, for a purse of \$20,000 offered by the California Athletic Club, in September.

Sullivan has accepted the terms, and Peter Jackson has also signified his intention of meeting the champion. Before the match is ratified the California Athletic Club will forward Sullivan a cast-iron contract to sign, and he will be required to post probably \$1,000 or \$1,500 with the club to guarantee his appearance upon the day set for the battle. After this document is duly signed both by Sullivan and Jackson, and the guarantee money posted, the match will be considered ratified, and interest in the meeting between the conqueror of Jim Smith, the English champion, and the champion of the world will increase.

Another pugilistic sensation which will now be the topic of discussion and comment in sporting circles will be the fist encounter between George LeBlanche, the Marine, and Peter Harget, better known in prize ring circles as Young Mitchell, which event is to be decided in the California Athletic Club on June 17. The battle is to be for a purse of \$5,000 and the middle-weight championship of the world.

Each man will have to weigh 154 pounds on the day of the battle. According to the agreement Young Mitchell has a decided advantage and LeBlanche, I think, is handicapped. Mitchell's fighting weight is about 150 pounds, while if LeBlanche had not been confined to the middle-weight championship limit, 154 pounds, he could battle in first-class condition at 160 pounds. It was weight in his favor that materially assisted LeBlanche in defeating Jack Dempsey, and I think it will aid Young Mitchell in his forthcoming match with LeBlanche.

Young Mitchell will be hale, hearty and strong as a lion at 154 pounds, while I think LeBlanche will be hampered to reduce to the weight he is to fight at. The battle will create a furor in all parts of the world, and the result will be looked forward to with eager interest, owing to the fact that Young Mitchell is well-known in prize ring circles, and has gained fame in the fist arena not only in this country, but in New Zealand and Australia. He has never yet met with defeat.

Billy Donohue, the famous jockey, is a great admirer of Australian Billy Murphy. Recently, he offered to match him for \$2,500 against any 118 pound man in the world. I had a long conversation with the Australian recently, and I came to the conclusion that he is the champion 118-pound pugilist of the world, and one of few pugilists who has escaped defeat when engaging in a contest in which bones were broken.

Murphy's ideas of the pugilistic business are quite clear. He is not in the business for love, but is eager to meet every pugilist in the world at 118 pounds, for a purse of \$2,500, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the feather weight championship of the world. Murphy received the "Police Gazette" championship belt at Richard K. Fox's office on April 28, after giving security for its safe return.

Murphy, I understand, will defend the trophy against all comers, barring none, at 118 to 120 pounds, and I am certain, no matter whom he meets in the arena for the belt, he will have to be a pugilist of extraordinary calibre to win, for Murphy is a genuine champion at his weight.

I see Mike Cushing is doing his best to arrange a match with Gibbons of Paterson, N. J., who styles himself the 126-pound champion of America, a title that does not exist in this country or any other.

Gibbons defeated Cushing when the latter had been indulging in heavy potations, and who should have been sent to bed rather than to a prize ring. Gibbons has just returned from San Francisco, where, on the strength of his defeat of Cushing, he received the recognition of a few of those not posted on prize ring matters. Cushing has made every effort to induce Gibbons to again meet him, but without success.

Gibbons' brother says that the referee tried to cheat his brother out of the last battle. No one is to blame for that but the pugilists and their backers, for they selected the referee themselves, and he was not appointed by the POLICE GAZETTE, neither had this office anything to do with arranging the match or holding the money. Cushing has put up a forfeit to meet Gibbons for the alleged 126 pound championship, and he will either have to meet him or lose what little little fame reputation he has made by refusing to do so.

Joe McAuliffe, the Frisco Giant, has arrived East. He is a tall and powerful pugilist, and the biggest man that has posed as a candidate for the championship of the world since the time of Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant. O'Baldwin stood 6 feet 5 1/2 inches in height, while McAuliffe is 6 feet 3 inches.

Judging from what the Frisco Giant's yes, he is eager to meet any man in the world either with or without gloves. He is eager to box John L. Sullivan six rounds just for exercise, and if such a match is arranged, McAuliffe says he will not insist on John L. knocking him out to win as James Corbett did, but will agree to lose if he does not stop or conquer Sullivan.

The Frisco Giant's proposition is a bold one, and it is more than probable that Sullivan may pay some attention to the challenge. McAuliffe weighs 250 pounds, and since he knocked out Pat Killon, the Duluth Slasher, he has greatly improved.

JOE McAULIFFE ON THE WARPATH.

If any of the heavy-weight pugilists are anxious for a match for fame, wealth and glory, now is their opportunity for deeds and not words. Joe McAuliffe, the Frisco Giant, who stands 6 feet 3 1/2 inches in his stockings, and weighs, untrained, 250 pounds, is on the warpath, looking for the scalps of the heavy-weight champions of the prize ring, and those eager to enter the arena and battle for that title. Recently McAuliffe, accompanied by Billy Madden, called at this office, and the "Police Gazette" penned the following business-like declaration of war:

NEW YORK, April 29, 1890.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I am prepared to arrange a match with John L. Sullivan, Frank P. Slavin or Jake Kilrain, with gloves, for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and championship of the world. I will meet Sullivan in a six-round glove contest in the Parian Athletic Club, and the latter organization has agreed to deposit that amount with a responsible party if Sullivan will accept the offer. Should Sullivan refuse to accept this proposition, I will meet Jake Kilrain for the purse of \$5,000 the Parian Athletic Club will offer. Should both Sullivan and Kilrain refuse to meet me I will arrange a match with Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, for a purse of \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" championship belt, and the championship of the world, in either the Pelican or the Ormonde Clubs, London, England. To prove I am in earnest, I have posted \$500 forfeit and I trust Sullivan or Kilrain will not allow my fair proposition to go unanswered, for I mean business.

Billy Murphy, the feather-weight champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" championship belt, called at Richard K. Fox's office recently and issued a challenge which will create considerable interest in prize ring circles. He stated that he was prepared to arrange a match to meet any man in the world at 118 pounds for a \$2,500 purse (which the California Athletic Club will offer) and the "Police Gazette" feather-weight championship belt, which he has won twice. He bars no pugilist in England or this country.

He stated that since his arrival in the East he has heard so much about the fighting abilities of George Dixon, the colored leather-weight, and Cal McCarthy, the feather-weight 115-pound champion, that he will arrange a match to box both Dixon and McCarthy on the same night in the California or Occidental Athletic Clubs, California, for a purse of \$2,500, the winner to receive \$2,000. Murphy will wager \$500 of his own money, outside the club purse.

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" 2, 11x1450

Send for complete catalogue. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

J. M., New York.—Yes.
S. J. Cohoes, N. Y.—No.

NEW JERSEY BOY.—Tom Hyer never fought in England.
H. T., Beacon, Iowa.—It is impossible to decide such a question.

E. H. L., Norwich, N. Y.—We have not the address you require.

NYLANDER BROS., Raymer, Weld Co., Col.—J counts four photos.

J. K. Arlington Athletic Club, Buffalo, N. Y.—We never return photos.

C. H., Sioux City, Ia.—The dealer has the only right to shuffle the cards.

D. L., Mount Sterling, Ky.—Send to this office for circulars and catalogue.

J. P., Stone Station, Mont.—John L. Sullivan was born October 15, 1858.

M. G., Baltimore, Md.—We have not Jack Burke's (the pugilist) address.

D. S., New York City.—Foxhall won the Grand Prix de Paris, June 12, 1881.

J. H. M., Warrensburg, N. Y.—We do not know anything about puzzles.

O. G. M., St. Louis, Mo.—I. We could not advise you on the subject. 2. In 1876.

A. B., Howard City, Ill.—About 12 seconds for 100 yards, and 6 1/2 seconds for 50 yards.

L. A. B., Troy, N. H.—1. Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette" card player. 2. A wins.

H. J. V., Haled, Kan.—See advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE and write to the party.

N. B., Boston, Mass.—Ned McGlinchey died at Philadelphia, aged twenty-eight, on Sept. 13, 1883.

A SPORT, Fort Wayne, Ind.—The trotting statistics published in the POLICE GAZETTE were correct.

G. W. BROWER, Philadelphia.—Joe Sadler, the English ex-champion oarsman, was born May 7, 1840.

R. W. C., Washington, D. C.—1. No. 2 A and D must throw off the tie. C is only entitled to third money.

W. J., Linden, N. J.—Jacob Pinchus trained Iroquois when he won the Derby in England, and not Matt Byrnes.

ALICE, Culbertson, Nebraska.—Send on a forfeit if you desire your challenge published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

G. W., Newark ave., Jersey City, N. J.—1. Alum water, tannin, horse radish juice. 2. We have not the space.

G. S., Albany, N. Y.—Write to Wm. Muldoon. He can give you more definite information than we can on the subject.

E. L. B., St. Louis.—1. Certainly he could order you up. 2. Yes. 3. Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette" Card Player.

G. W., Fort Gratiot, Mich.—Send 25 cents for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring." It contains the full information.

E. A. S. B., Hot Springs, Ark.—We have not a copy of the "POLICE GAZETTE" with the report of the glove contest you mention.

C. H. W., Star Museum, New York.—There are several deaf mutes in this country who are associated with theatrical shows.

T. S., Hartford, Conn.—Luke Blackburn in 1880 won 22 races, ran third once and was unplaced once. His winnings were \$48,825.

W. S., Holyoke, Mass.—E. H. Garrison will ride for the Dwyer Bros., Hamilton for August Belmont, and Barnes for E. J. Baldwin.

W. P., Cincinnati, O.—Billy Murphy, the 120 pound champion of the world, stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and fights at 118 or 120 pounds.

J. T. G., West Troy, N. Y.—Edward Hanlan was at Atlanta, Ga., at last advices. A letter addressed to the POLICE GAZETTE will reach him.

W. C., Atlanta, Ga.—1. John McMahon. 2. It is an open question. Both McMahon and H. M. Dufur have figured in a score of matches.

MICO, South Brooklyn, N. Y.—Parole did not win the Ascot Gold Cup in England in 1881. Robert the Devil won the cup in the year you name.

TURFITE, Bridgeport, Conn.—The English Derby was run in a snowstorm in 1829. Bloomsbury was the winner. Surplice won the English Derby in 1848.

H. E., Uniontown, Pa.—There are so many expert wrestlers at catch-as-catch-can, side hold, square hold, Graco-Roman, etc., that it is impossible to decide.

C. W. J., Annapolis, Md.—John C. Heenan and Joe Coburn never fought. Heenan fought John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King. He never won a prize fight.

TINY, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Edward Hanlan will be 25 years of age on July 12. He was born in 1855. 2. Edward A. Trickett arrived in England in 1880 to row Hanlan.

S. T., New York City.—The distance from Washington, D. C. to Gibraltar, Spain, is 3,150 miles. The distance to Edinburgh, Scotland is 3,375 miles. Consequently A loses.

M. J. W., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Ned O'Baldwin fought a draw with Joe Wormald at Lynnfield, Mass., in 1868. 2. No. Foxhall belonged to James R. Keene, not Pierre Lorillard.

G. B., Boston, Mass.—1. Edward Hanlan. 2. Jack Randall, the Nonpareil, was never beaten. He fought sixteen prize fights and won every battle. Randall fought at 146 pounds.

C. W., Cambridge, Colo.—1. The best single standing jump is 14 feet 5 1/2 inches, made by George W. Hamilton, at Romeo, Mich., Oct. 3, 1879. 2. There is no authenticated record.

G. F. B., Asbury Park.—Jack McAuliffe need not contend again for the "Police Gazette" championship belt until six months has expired from the time he fought Jimmy Carroll.

H. S., Boston.—Edward A. Trickett defeated Joseph Sadler for 1400 and the championship of the world, June 27, 1874. The race was rowed over the Thames championship course, England.

R. B., New York City.—1. No. 2 John C. Heenan died Oct. 24, 1873. 3. Tom Sayers and Nat Langham fought Oct. 18, 1853.

A. Bill Perry was the Tipton Slasher's proper name. 5. He died on Dec. 29, 1880.

R. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Eight seconds grace is allowed a pugilist after 30 seconds have expired, in contending by London prize ring rules. A pugilist who fails to come to the scratch within 5 seconds after time is called, loses the battle.

OLD ADMIRER, Wappinger Falls, N. Y.—1. The Ward brothers, Joshua, Hank, Charley and Ellis, defeated the St. John crew at Springfield, Mass., in 1868, and the Ward crew were afterward beaten by the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., at Springfield, Mass.

M. D., Clinton, N. J.—Should a battle not be decided on the day named, all bets must be drawn, unless the contest shall be resumed the same week between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets stand, and to be decided by the result of the contest.

HORTENSE, Paterson, N. J.—Pierre Lorillard retired from the turf and sold out his racing stable on March 27, 1886. Twenty-seven horses were sold and they brought \$149,050. Pontiac, at the sale, was bought by the Dwyers for \$17,500, and they paid \$29,900 for Dwyer.

S. H., Albany, N. Y.—Frank P. Slavin fought Mickey Doyle at Sydney, N. S. W., on Dec. 10, 1888. Doyle weighed 172 pounds. Only one round was fought, when Slavin landed a blow on Doyle's left ear, knocking him down. He lay insensible, having received a terrible knock-out blow. The battle lasted 2 minutes 45 seconds.

M. W., Springfield, Ohio.—1. Yes. 2. Edward Hanlan. 3. Special portraits of John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Jack Mc-

Auliffe and Billy Murphy, holders of the "Police Gazette" championship, heavy, middle, light and feather-weight championship belts, can be procured at this office. Also large photos of George Dixon and Cal McCarthy.

W. J., Jersey City.—Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, received forfeits from Harry Broome, Aaron Jones and Tom Paddock. He forfeited to James, better known as Deaf Burke, and Cons Parker. He was never beaten by Tom Paddock. He beat the latter for £100 a side in 27 rounds, 42 minutes, by a foul, at Woking, England, Dec. 17, 1850.

NKMO, New Brunswick, N. J.—1. The middle-weight championship of America is held by Jack Dempsey. 2. Young Mitchell and George LeBlanche cannot contend for the middle-weight championship unless Dempsey gives up the title or refuses to contend for it. 3. There is no belt representing the middle-weight championship. The "Police Gazette" middle-weight champion's belt is Jack Dempsey's personal property.

J. W. B., Kimira, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey has fought George LeBlanche twice. Dempsey won the first battle which lasted 13 rounds, 51 minutes, and which was fought at Larchmont, N. Y., on March 14, 1886. The battle was for the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the middle-weight championship of America. The second battle was fought on August 27, 1889, in the California Athletic Club for \$5,000, and LeBlanche won in 32 rounds, in 2 hours 7 minutes.

A. Fleetwood Park, New York City.—The first gentleman's team race in America was trotted on the Centerville course, Long Island, Jan. 7, 1836, between Dutchman and mate and Jerry and Blackbird. Yankee Doodle and mate and three other teams also started. Two miles and repeat. Jerry and Blackbird won. Time—6:27. 6:30. 2. In 1842 Lady Suffolk and Rifle defeated Hardwood and Apology on Hunting Park, Philadelphia, distancing them in the first heat. Time, 5:19.

M. W. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Peter Morris and George Holden fought at 118 pounds for £100. They fought at Gloucestershire on Nov. 27, 1866, and no time was taken. On Nov. 28, 1866, they met again near Burton-on-Trent. Thirty-four rounds were fought in 1 hour 34 minutes. They met the third time at Kingswood Common, Nov. 30, 1866, when, after they entered the ring, the referee relinquished his position and there was no fight, the stakes being drawn. Peter Morris fought eight battles and never was beaten.

'ROUND THE TRACK.

What the Flyers Are Doing and Who Are Making Them Do It.

Robespierre should run 1, 2, 3 in the Kentucky Derby.

Dollikens now belongs to E. Corrigan. He owns a racehorse in Doll.

Prince Fonso, Robespierre, Pow Wow and Ten Wire are all being backed for the Kentucky Derby.

Proctor Knott will not start at Louisville or the Latonia race meeting. He will go in the Suburban.

Cleon and Charley Gibson are matched to trot, best three in five, to harness, for \$5,000, at Waverly on May 31.

The first big race down for settlement is the Brooklyn Handicap, and about a dozen horses are being backed heavily.

It is reported that C. D. McCoy has refused \$18,000 for the great sprinter Capt. Wagener, by Great Tom-Suea McNairy.

Todd Sloan won the prize offered by the Memphis Turf Topics for the most popular jockey at the Memphis Jockey Club meeting.

If there is any ambitious guesser who thinks he can pick the winner of the Brooklyn Handicap and the Suburban he can land a fortune.

Congressman Scott's, of Erie, Pa.'s, Chaos should be one of the fastest three-year-olds on the turf this season. As a two-year-old he won \$55,550.

The Two Thousand Guineas was run at Newmarket, Eng., on April 30. Surefoot, the Derby favorite, won, with Le Nord second and Blue Green third.

Riley, the favorite for the Kentucky Derby, started twelve times last year and won six races, but horses entered in the race have eclipsed Riley's performance.

Turfmen all over the country are making their predictions and backing their favorites in the Kentucky Derby. Riley has been a favorite all winter, but he will not win.

The coming season will doubtless be an interesting one on the trotting turf, and whether the present champions will be able to hold their exalted positions is a matter of great uncertainty.

One-half the jockeys who fail to win nowadays cannot be blamed for their failures, because they are compelled to ride according to instructions, and the latter are, often, to follow some horse who has not got a chance to win.

In the race for the Claremont stakes, for two-year-olds, at the New Jersey Jockey Club track on April 29, Chatham, belonging to J. A. Morris, won, Eclipse second and Early Blossom third. Chatham carried 116 pounds, and ran the 5 furlongs in 1:38 1/4.

At Toronto recently, Roseberry, the well-known champion jumper, owned by Messrs. Moorehouse and Pepper, is credited with having performed another good feat. Two hurdles 5 feet high, were placed 6 feet apart, and the champion, ridden by Tim Blong, cleverly cleared both in one leap.

George Carslake has opened a Derby sweep for 1890 at Montreal. It is a \$50,000 crack. There are 10,000 tickets at \$5 each, and it is divided as follows: Four first prizes of \$3,000 each, four second prizes of \$2,000 each, four third prizes of \$1,000 each, with \$8,000 amongst starters and \$18,000 amongst non-starters, split up on the four prize principle.

Senator Hearst has changed his colors. His trainer, Matt Allen, believes that the blue jacket and yellow sleeves lost the stable two races last year by confusing the judges at the finish, horses wearing similar colors being placed first by mistake. Judging by the horses the Senator has in his stable this year, the colors will not make any difference, especially if he secures Al Farrow and Flambeau.

Foolish speculators are piling in their funds on Sir Dixon to win the Brooklyn Handicap. Six to one is quoted against him. Books are full on Kingston, Hanover, Longstreet, Lountaka, Major Domo, Cynosure, Sorrento, Dunboyne, Rice, Castaway II, Cassius, Flood Tide and Maggie K. Gorgo, probably a sure starter, is quoted at 15 to 1, and Senator at 20 to 1. Tenny's price is 25 to 1 and Baccaland's 8 to 1.

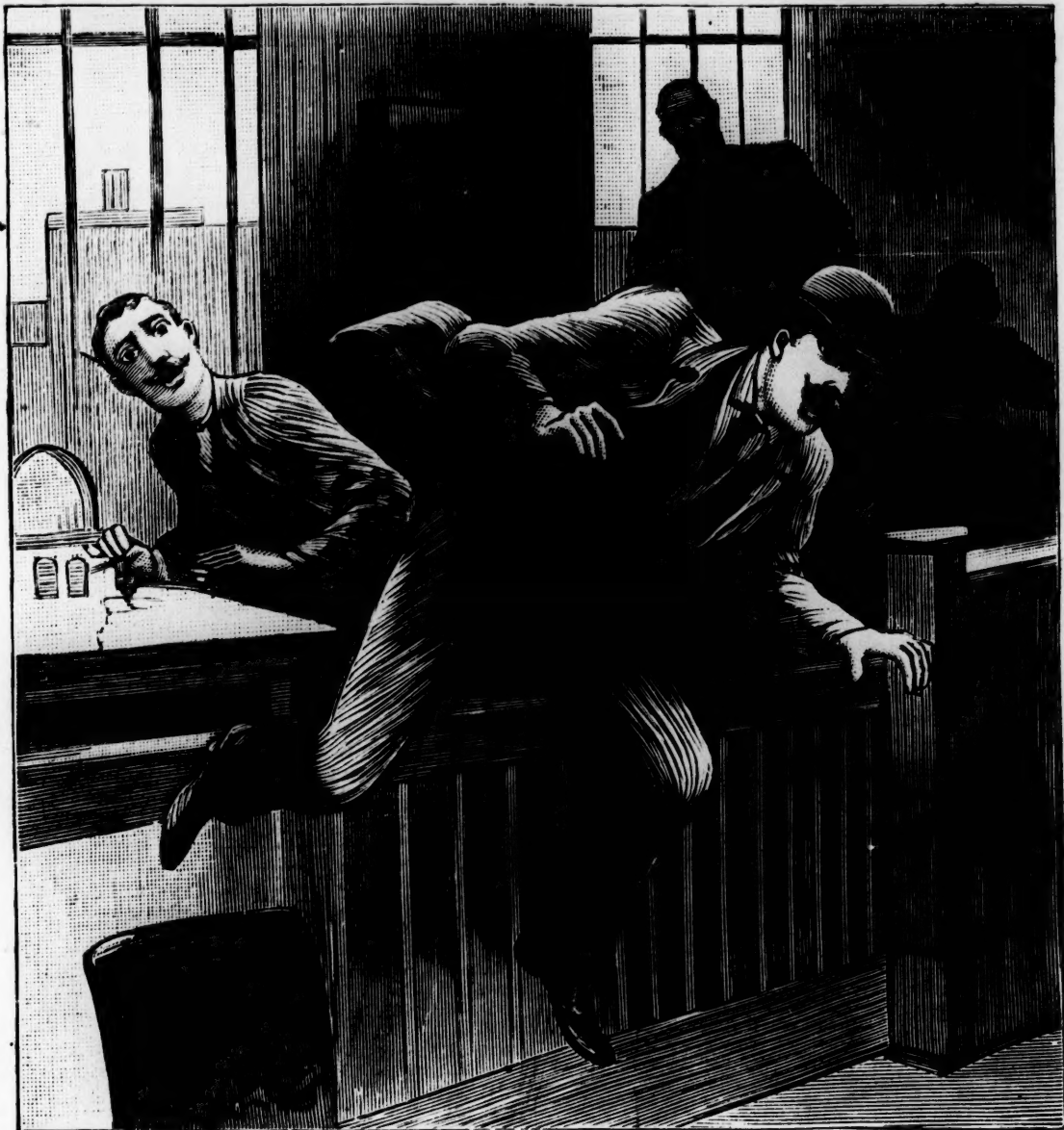
Should Al Farrow come East he will prove a racehorse to outrun in the homestretch. Recently at the Pacific Blood Horse Association, he carried 121 pounds and ran a mile and a sixteenth in 1:48 1/4. The time is wonderful, when the season of the year and the weight carried are considered. Elyton ran the distance at Chicago, with 106 pounds, in 1:47 1/4, on June 28, 1889, and Wheeler T., with 98 pounds, also made the same time, which is the fastest time on record, but the difference in weight stamps Al Farrow's performance as more creditable.

The turf goes, and the half million who back the race horses in the great stake events in all parts of the country, are trying to pick the horses as they will run 1, 2, 3, in the Brooklyn Handicap. It is more difficult than a fifteen puzzle, for no one except the owners and trainers know whether Baccaland, Kingston and Badge will start. We like Belmont's entry to run 1, 2, 3 in both the Brooklyn Handicap and the Suburban, no matter what starts. Badge will also run 1, 2, 3 in the Brooklyn Handicap if he starts.

The following was received at this office:

NEW ORLEANS, May 2, 1890.

At a regular meeting of the Audubon Club of this city, the directors agreed to put up purses for the following battles which have been arranged by the club: Gus Lombard of Cohoes, N. Y., and Jim Day of Ohio. This battle will be according to "Police Gazette" rules,



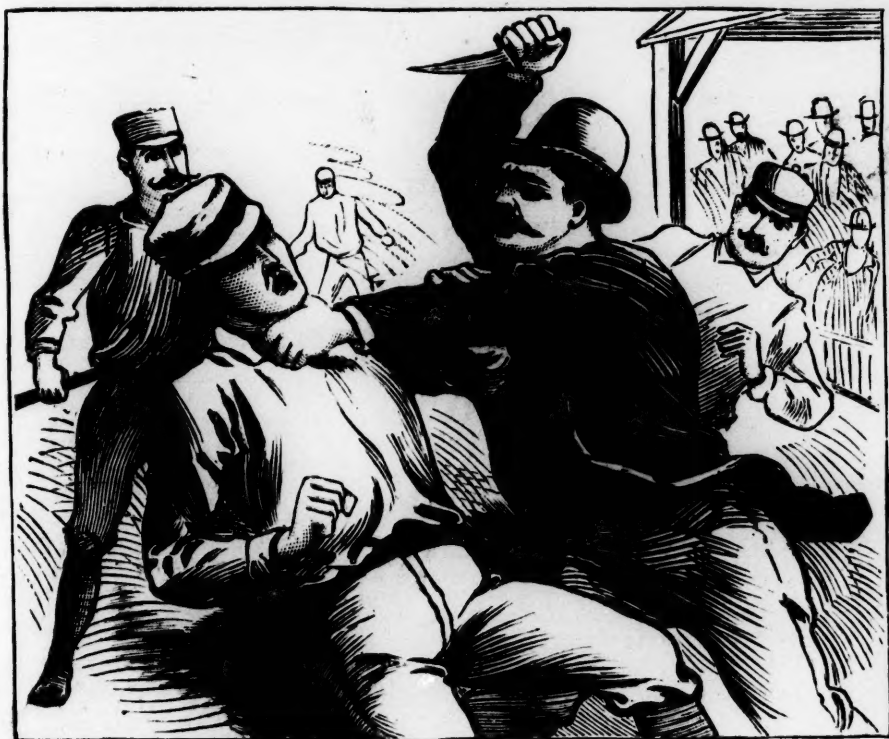
HE HAD A QUICK EAR.

AND HEARING AN ORDER FOR HIS ARREST BEING TICKED OVER THE WIRES IN DENVER, COL., W. H. BALDWIN, OF THE SANTA FE ROAD, SLOPED.



SWIPED A LOADED STOVE.

JOHN CRITTINGTON, A CHARCOALY CITIZEN OF EAST BALTIMORE, MD., ELOPES WITH A RED-HOT KITCHEN UTENSIL.



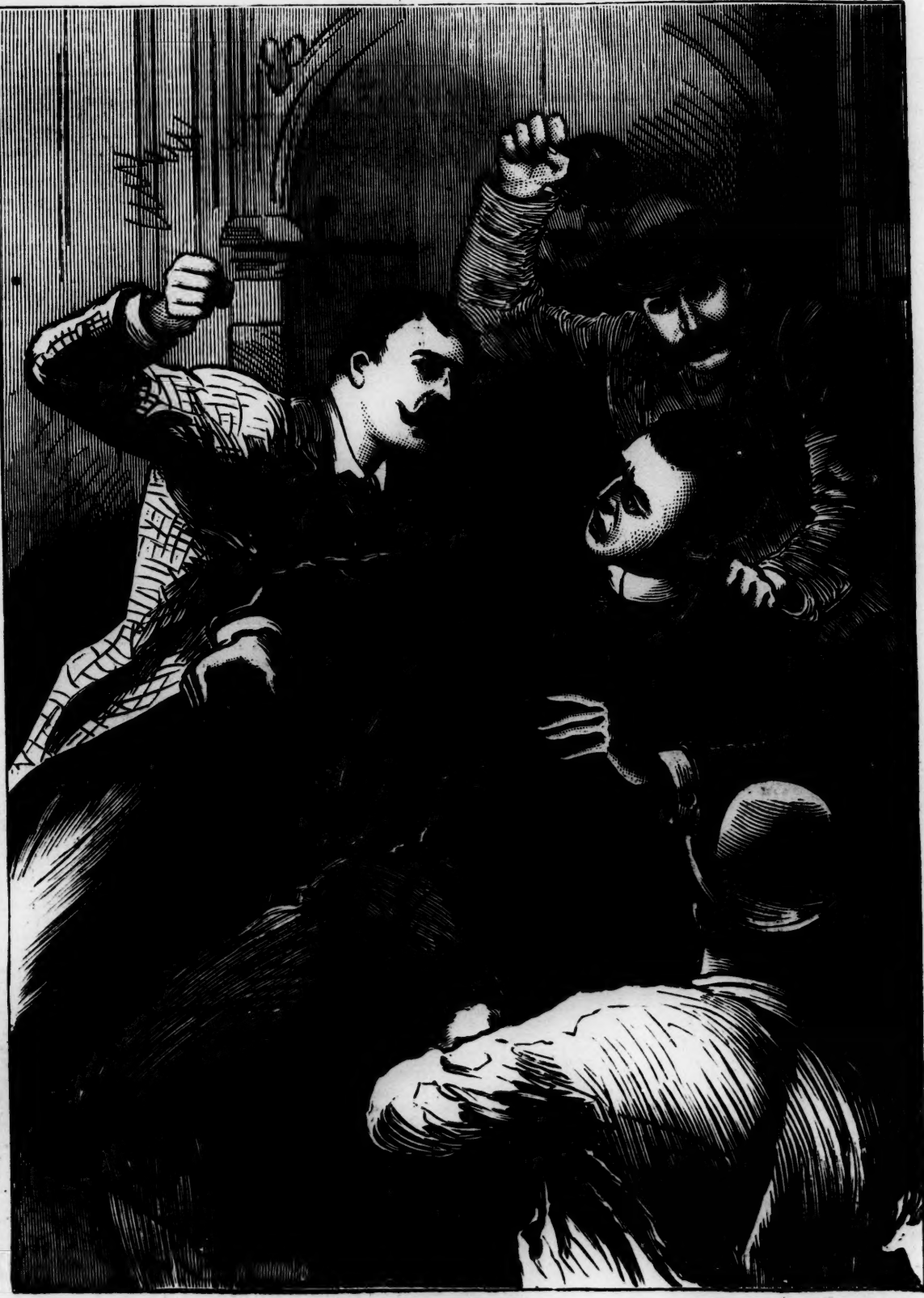
AN UMPIRE GETS TIRED.

"HAM SANDWICH," OF THE CLIFTON N. J. RACE TRACK, OBJECTS TO A KICKING CATCHER AND PULLS A KNIFE.



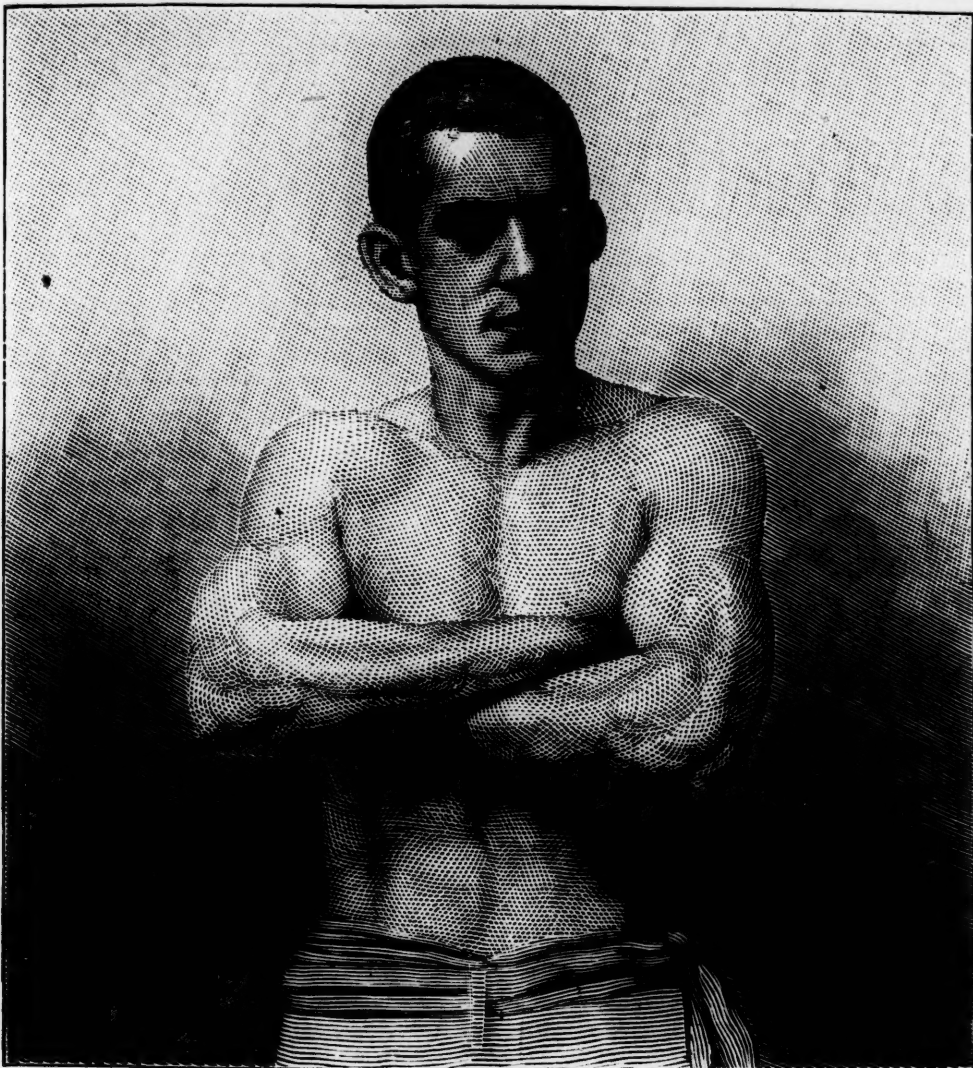
NO BLOOD WAS SPILLED.

BUT AFTER B. TAYLOR M'CUE AND E. D. CHRISTIAN, OF RICHMOND, VA., QUARRELED CHAMPAGNE FLOWED.



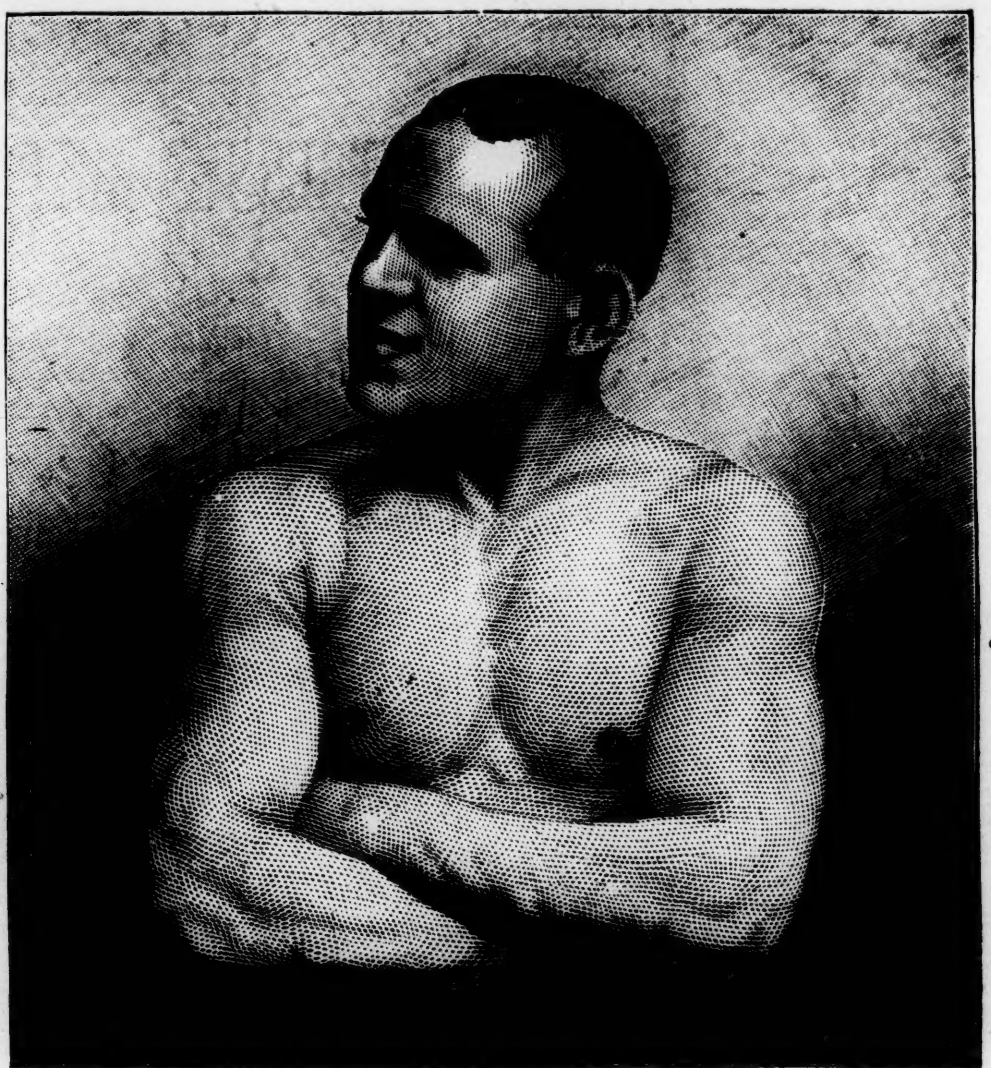
A LITTLE CHURCH PICNIC.

TWO FACTIONS OF EVANGELISTS IN NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS, INDULGE IN A RIOTOUS TIME IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.



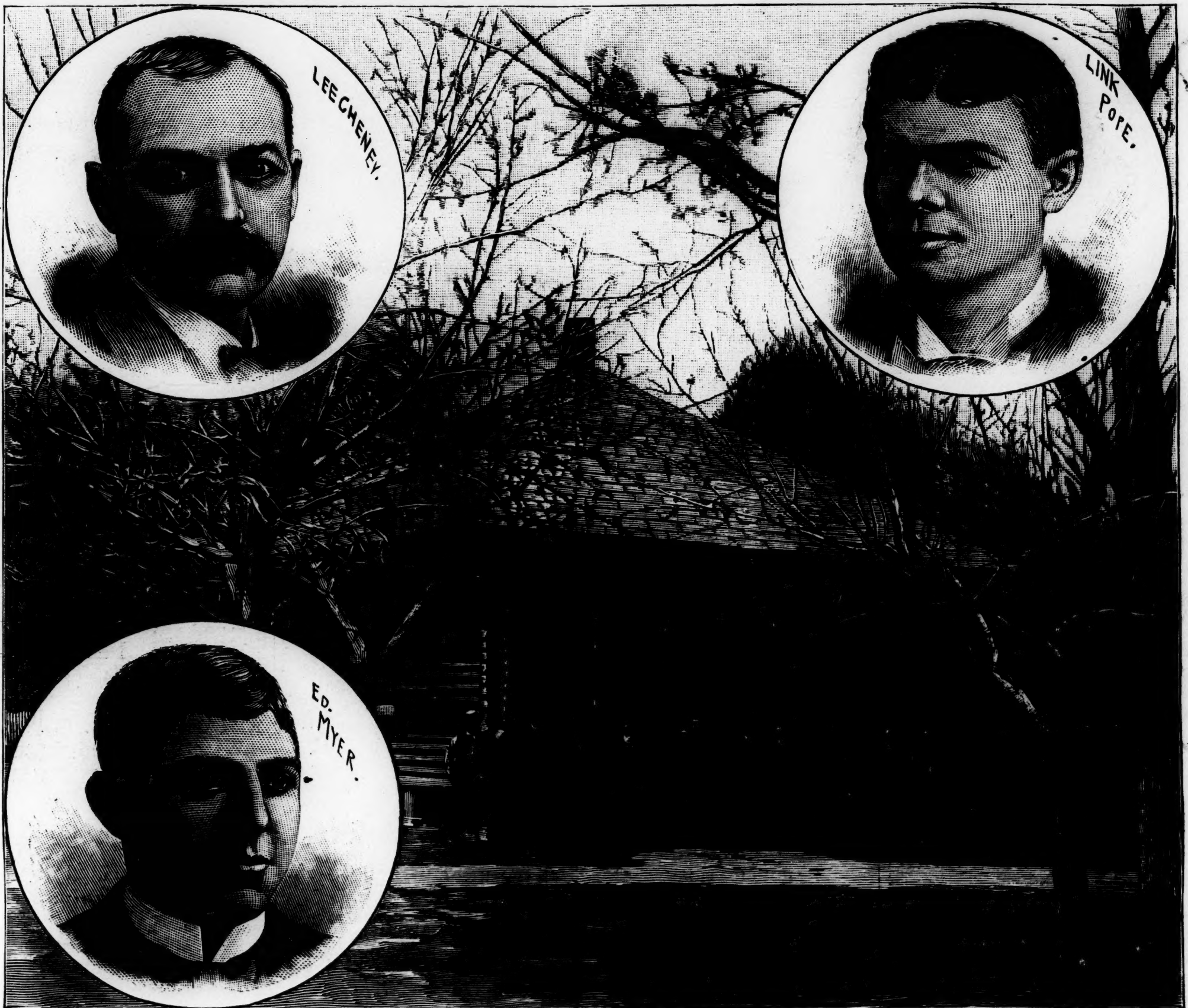
BILLY MYER,

THE ILLINOIS CYCLONE, WHO WILL ENDEAVOR TO DEFEAT ANDY BOWEN IN THE WEST END ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW ORLEANS.



ANDY BOWEN,

THE LOUISIANA LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION, WHO IS SOON TO DO BATTLE WITH THE FAMOUS BILLY MYER IN NEW ORLEANS.

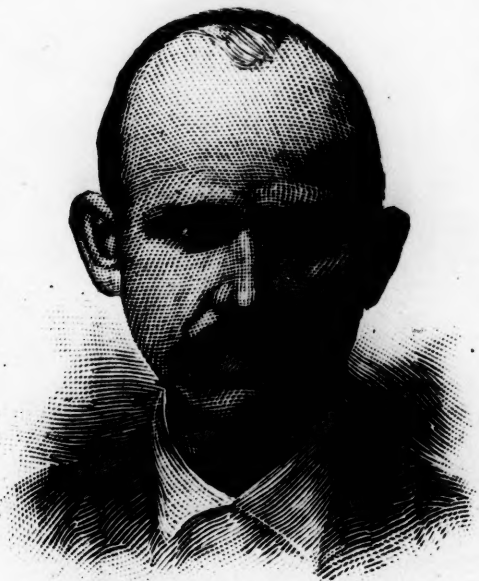


THE COMING BOWEN-MYER FIGHT.

THE BACKERS AND TRAINERS OF BILLY MYER, AND THE TRAINING QUARTERS OF ANDY BOWEN NEAR COVINGTON, LA.

A VETERAN TRAMP.

Thomas Kelly, of Shenandoah, Va.,
Who Has Hoofed all Over
the Country.



A portrait of the champion tramp of the United States adorns the head of this column. Mr. Thomas Kelly is the gentleman in question. He is a veteran of the late war, and has been tramping since Lee's surrender, having hoofed it through twenty-nine States. Having tired of seeing the country on "Shank's mare," he has at last abandoned the road and has made Shenandoah, Va., his home, of which place he is now a respected citizen.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions PERFECTLY CURE DEAFNESS and noises in head. Unseen, comfortable, self adjusting. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. H. HICKOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Illustrated book FREE.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Important Notice.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" WILL NOT,
UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES,

publish advertisements of a lewd, obscene or fraudulent character. All advertisements of this class will be rejected, and money, if sent us for same, returned. The proprietor will not hold himself responsible for the advertiser's honesty.

Rate of Advertising, - \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices, - \$5.00 per line.
All copy must reach us each Saturday by noon.

48 YEARS!

The *Newman*, of New York city, in its April issue, has this to say in regard to the *POLICE GAZETTE* as an advertising medium:

"The *POLICE GAZETTE* has carried an advertisement in its columns for forty-eight years. The space was engaged on the first number, and the advertisement has continued to this day, never missing a single issue. Can this record be broken? We think not."

Facts Speak for Themselves.

TOILET ARTICLES.



PERSONAL BEAUTY

HOW TO
ACQUIRE AND RETAIN IT.
How to remove Pimples, Wrinkles, Freckles and Superfluous Hair; to Develop the Form; to Increase or Reduce Flesh; to Color and Restore the Hair, Brows and Lashes, and to Beautify the Complexion.
A book of interest to every lady. Contains many hints, testimonials and valuable receipts (easily prepared at home), and shows how to obtain free samples of Cosmetics. MADAME LAUTIER, 124 West 23d St., New York City. *Cosmetic Artists.* Mention this paper.



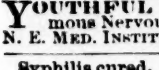
FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World in the treatment of Hair and Skin. Remove Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pitting, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 49th Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.



TURKISH HAIR AND BEARD ELIXIR

Will quickly grow a Heavy Beard, a Glossy Moustache, beautiful Eyebrows, or Lustrous Hair on Bald Heads. Turkish Hair & Beard Elixir is a preparation that may be relied upon to produce a quick growth of hair in from 3 to 4 weeks' time. Price 25 cts. per package, 4 for \$1.00. Regular \$1.00. Send securely sealed by mail. TREMONT TOILET CO., Sta. A, Boston, Mass.



YOUTHFUL VIGOR

restored by using the famous Nervine Dehility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Syphilis cured. Write COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha.

NEW CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS,

EXQUISITELY FINISHED, OF

ACTRESSES, ACTORS, SPORTING MEN, Etc.

PRICE, 10 CENTS EACH, FORMERLY SOLD FOR 25 CENTS EACH. SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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Lillian Russell,
Frankie Kemble (2),
Louise Kerker (2),
Agnes Evans,
Corra Tonne,
Marion Percy,
Corinne,
Julie,
Annie Rehan,
Lilly Post,
Lottie Lind,
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Gornaliba,
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Miss Hiale,
Miss Hiale,
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Almaide Emerson,
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Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee,
Capt. Westervelt,
John Sherman,
Henry George,
Joe Sherman,
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PUGILISTS.

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Pat Sheedy,
Annie Oakley,
Steve Bridle,
Major G. W. Little,
W. R. Gladstone,
Prince of Wales,
Pony Moore,
Joe Conking,
Gen. W. Childs,
Geo. W. Curtis,
Inspector Conlin,
Capt. Brooks,
Capt. Saunders,
Frank Stevenson,
Al Cridge,
J. W. Kennedy,
The Champion Fencer

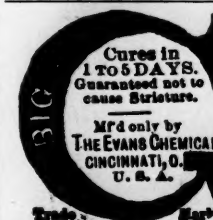
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W. R. Gladstone,
Prince of Wales,
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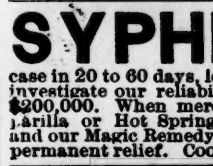
PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF
CUBES AND COPAIBA
Is an old, tried remedy for
gonorrhea, gleet and all dis-
eases of the urinary organs.
Its neat, portable form, free-
dom from taste and speedy
action (it frequently cures in
three or four days and always
in less time than any other
preparation) make "Tarrant's
Extract" the most desirable
remedy ever manufactured.
To prevent fraud, see that
each package has a red strip
across the face of label, with
the signature of TARRANT &
CO., N. Y., upon it. Price,
\$1.00. Sold by all druggists.



Big G is acknowledged
the leading remedy for
Gonorrhea & Gleet.
The only safe remedy for
Leucorrhoea or Whites.
I prescribe it and feel
safe in recommending it
to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M. D.,
DECATUR, ILL.
Sold by Druggists.
PRICE \$1.00.



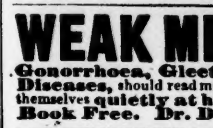
SYPHILIS
If any one
doubts that we
can cure the
most obstinate
case in 20 to 30 days, let him write for particulars and
investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is
\$200,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsa-
parilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure-
and our Magic Remedy is the only thing that will give
permanent relief. COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.



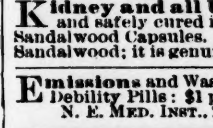
SANTAL-MIDY
In 48 hours Gonorrhea and dis-
charges from the urinary organs
are arrested by Santal-Midy Cap-
sules without inconvenience.
Price \$1.00. OF ALL DRUGGISTS,
or P. O. BOX 2081, New York.



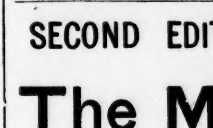
CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
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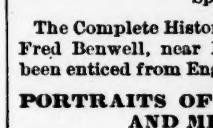
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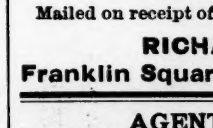
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